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Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE WHEEL.

B. W. C.

From the gods I came, with my shining frame,
A waif on this mortal shore:
In the days of old, o'er the clouds I rolled,
On the sunset's golden floor.

But the gods waxed old, and men grown bold,
Wrested their secrets away;
First fire and steam, then the lightning's beam,
And at last their chariot gay.

In the glorious prime of the noblest time
Man has known since the old world's birth,
Like a meteor bright, with a flash of light
I sprang on the solid earth.

And with noiseless stride I silently glide
By the woods and haunts of men,
I skim o'er the hill, leap river and rill,
And flash thro' valley and glen.

O'er my rubber zone on elastic throne
My rider sits at his ease,
I hum my song as I glide along,
While backward the landscape flees.

Tho' a fairy light, with a giant's might
I spin my glittering wheel;
Nor the burden I bear, nor the dangers I dare,
Can tire my muscles of steel.

The stupid steed that must sleep and feed,
Lifts his head in sudden affright
As I pass him by and swiftly fly
On my way like a beam of light.

From the dawn I go, till the sunset glow
Floods the world with its rosy light,
Then I ask no rest, I am at my best
As I speed thro' the starry night.

A boon am I then to the sons of men,
For I bring them perpetual joy,
And a ruddy health that is better than wealth,
A pleasure that cannot cloy.

The gods are lone on their lofty throne
Where the cold gray clouds lie curled,
On th' Olympian hei-ht, thrills no delight,
For men now rule the world.

VIEWED WITH DIFFERENT EYES.

"But a week is long!" he said,
With a toss of his curly head;
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!
Seven whole days! Why, in six you know
(You said it yourself—you told me so),
The great God up in heaven
Made all the earth and the seas and skies,
The trees and the birds and the butterflies;
How can I wait for my seeds to grow?"

"But a month is so long!" he said,
With a droop of his boyish head;
"Hear me count—one, two, three, four—
Four whole weeks, and three days more;
Thirty-one days, and each will creep,
And the shadow crawls over yonder steep;
Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie
Watching the stars climb up the sky.
How can I wait till a month is o'er?"

"But a year is so long!" he said,
Upsitting his bonny head;
"All the seasons must come and go
Over the hills with footsteps slow—
Autumn and winter, summer and spring!

Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I might cross to the other side
Where she is waiting—my love, my bride!"

"Ten years may be long!" he said,
Slowly raising his stately head,
"But there is much to win, there is much to lose;
A man must labor, a man must chose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who would wear
The crown of honor must do and dare.
No time was he to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high estate."

"Ah! life is not long," he said,
Bowing his gray'd, white head,
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—
Seventy years! As swift in their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning light,
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is so short as a summer night—
How long, O God, is eternity?"

TO WHOM S ALL THE PRAISE BE GIVEN?

BY GRACE L. BURGESS

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."—*Shakespeare.*

All the world's a stage of action,
Men and women play their parts
Earnestly, and well or idly,
As the promptings of their hearts,—
But, pray tell me, critics, I dring,
To whom of the mighty throng
Is this great life drama, acting,
Shall the palm of p aise belong?

Is it he, who hoards his millions
With a miser's hand and greed,
Turning from the beggar, scornful,
When he comes to him in need?
Or, the one who "feeds the ravens,"
As his master, 'round his door,
Giving bread and hearty welcome
To misfortune's throng, the poor?

Is it he who climbs Fame's ladder,
Wining laurels fair and bright,
Mid the bursts of loud applauding,
For his courage, genious, might,
Or the one who rests contented
If he has no cause for blame,
Seeking aught to leave behind him,
Save a pure, unsullied name?

Is it he, who he'ped to fortune,
Rocks in poverty and care,
Knowing not their woes, with brothers'
Sympathy he feels no share—
Or the one who toils with patience
For the shelter of a home,
Sharing with the dear ones, burdens
Much too hard to bear alone?

Is it he who on life's highway
Revels 'mid his din and glare,
Wooing but the joys that tarnish
All the soul's radiance fair—
Or the one who, humbly walking,
Shuns the evil guile of sin,
Steadfast, hopeful, keeping towards
Paradise, to enter in?

Woodhull, Ill.

Our Story Teller.

MY SISTER LILIAN.

I.

I have seen very many pretty girls, many lovely ones, but never so charming a vision as my sister Lilian on the night of her first ball. I had dressed her myself—piled her beautiful chestnut hair in soft coils round her small head, and fastened them with grandmother's old-fashioned diamond pins, which she had left me years before.

I never grudged my darling anything, but I did make some little demur when Lilian wished to wear the diamond cross which lay in its flat shagreen case, attached to a string of valuable seed pearls.

"No, no, Lily," I said; "that must be kept for your wedding-day, darling."

"Or for yours, Nelly," she answered, with a slight sneer on her lovely face. "Are you afraid that John Hammond would be vexed at seeing me decked out in his future wife's ornaments?"

"Hush, Lily! that is not kind. You know very well John is nothing to me. Neither he nor any man thinks of a poor cripple like me. It is not like you to make a jest of me."

I turned away as I spoke, tears gathering in my eyes. It wasn't exactly Lily's words that made them come—it was the last drop, as it were. I was tired, to begin with. My young sister was a little hard to please, and there was no one to do anything for her but me. Our old Hannah would hardly have made a good waiting-maid, and father's broken fortunes would not allow of more than one servant in our modest establishment, so that a great deal fell upon me. I didn't care that it was so. It was a good thing to have plenty to do; idleness would have given me time to think more of my plain face and halting gait. I might have grown discontented with my lot, set apart as I was from other girls—old before my time, with no hope in the present, no outlook for the future, so far as my personality went. A joyless life lay before me; for even supposing there did exist a man who would care so little for external advantages as to give so lamed and poor a creature as I was his esteem and his name, I would have refused the gift. I was too proud to receive charity, and charity alone could prompt such an offer. I had settled this with myself long years ago, when John Hammond ——. But I am not telling you my own story, but that of my sister Lilian. It was seldom, indeed, that I went back upon myself. I had found from experience what an ungrateful task it is, and, moreover, in my case repining would be quite sinful with all my blessings. Only now and then, when I was weak or tired, words like those spoken by my darling would touch a chord and upset me. If I had needed anything to set me right, it would have been the distress of my sweet pet when she saw that she had wounded me. She was so sorry, that I was afraid she would dim the brightness of her eyes by crying to keep me company. So I had to scold her for hanging about me as she was doing.

"But I know what it all means; you want to coax this from me," I said, taking the cross out of its case, and trying the effect against her alabaster throat. "Well, I suppose you must have it, although I know very well what the Pembertons and the Groves will say."

"Oh, Nelly dear, you are not going to mind those vulgar people, It is bad enough to have to live among them, without hearing their opinions quoted."

"My darling, we unfortunately must mind the opinion of the world."

"But not the world of a village like Durnley. I hate it so, and Mrs. Grove, and the Pembertons! I long, Nelly, to get away from them and their ill-nature. If I thought that I should have to live among them all my life it would break my heart."

"It is not likely you will have to do so, my pet," I answered; "but after all, they are not so bad. Don't you remember—but of course you cannot, for you are only a baby—how good they were when mother died?"

"But that doesn't give them a claim to pry into all our affairs," my sister said, with a haughty uplifting of her shapely head. "I tell you, Nelly, what I should love. To marry some great man—a nobleman, and come back here and queen it over all these Durnley people, drive by them in a carriage like Lady Somers, and have them all cringe and fawn on me as they do on her."

"Hush, Lilian! I do not like to hear you say such things. They are too worldly and too proud for a girl like you. Pride, my darling, gets a fall."

Lily made a little impatient movement. She was always impatient of an approach to a lecture even from me, and it was either that or the thread upon which the pearls were strung had grown old, but at that moment the necklace broke as I was clasping it, and the beads scattered all over the floor.

I gave a cry of dismay. It was not for the pearls; they could easily be collected and restrung, but it seemed to me a bad omen for my darling's first ball. Fortunately Lily did not view the accident in this light. She made me fetch a piece of narrow white satin ribbon, to which she attached the cross and went down stairs triumphantly to show herself to my father, old Hannah and Biddy, the gardener's wife, who did our washing and an occasional day's cleaning, and who had craved to see Miss Lily looking like a princess. The two women were in the hall, and as I followed my sister down stairs, carrying her cloak, fan and gloves, I heard their exclamations of admiration. When we came into the parlor we found an unexpected visitor.

John Hammond was sitting with my father, and near him, on a table, lay one of the loveliest bouquets I had ever seen. Lily had one already of home manufacture, but, as compared with this, it was a beggar near a queen. Such rare camelias and sweet-smelling gardenias, white, as they should be for a debutante, and with feathery sprays of maidenhair fern, giving them a background of tender green; round this wonderful bouquet was a trimming of delicate lace, and it was tied with a bow of satin ribbon. Lily clasped her hands together.

"Is that for me?" she cried.

"For you, certainly. For who else, since Nellie has chosen the better part, and is staying away from frivolity."

He looked at me so kindly. Dear John; he was always kind and good to me. Thank heaven, I never mistook his kindness, even when he fain would have tried to make me believe—. But there, I am drifting into my own story. I could not help thinking, as he stood looking at us, what a contrast we two must have presented

Lily so fresh, fair, infinitely lovely—I with my dark merino dress covered with one of Hannah's aprons tied on any way to keep any soil of color from tarnishing the purity of my dear's white tulle while I stitched on her flowers and laced her bodice. The needle I had been using was stuck in my dress, and gave me all the look of a common seamstress.

"Nelly has dressed me altogether," Lily said. "Do you think I do her credit, Mr. Hammond?"

"I think you look very nice"

"Nice!" And Lily made a charming little grimace. "I am sure Papsy will say something better than that."

I saw John's eyes follow her as she went to my father's chair and bent over him, talking to him in her soft voice, and putting its fingers upon the billowy folds of tulle out of which her small waist came like a sylph's.

They made a pretty picture, for father was still a handsome man, in spite of the slow paralysis that was eating away his life by inches, and it was pathetic to see the love and admiration which was written on his face

I saw John felt this as I did; but just then there was a sound of wheels outside which scattered every sentimental thought, for Mrs. Vaughan, who was to take Lily to Somerscourt, was one of our old magnates, and it would not do to keep her waiting.

"Nelly! Nelly! My cloak—my cloak! —my gloves, and fan, and handkerchief! John—the bouquet."

She held out her hand for it, but John kept it back.

"It has a condition," he said, with a slight air of embarrassment unusual to him. "You must promise me a dance to-night, Lilian."

"What! Are you going to Lady Somers's?"

My sister's tone expressed astonishment.

I wished she had not spoken in that supercilious voice. I put in quietly:

"Lily will be only too glad to have you as a partner, John. She will know very few, I am afraid."

Lily gave her pretty head a little toss when I said this. But she promised John the dance very graciously, and went out on his arm to Mrs. Vaughan's carriage, Hannah holding up her dress, for fear it should get any grime from the carriage-wheels.

II.

It was quite 4 o'clock before Lilian came home.

I had sat up for her. Our old Hannah could not have done it; she would have been fit for nothing next day, and in Durnley we had not arrived at latch-keys. Moreover, I knew my dear's ways, which were not tidy ones, and how the pretty new dress would fare in her hands. Lilian was born to be a great lady. She threw her things about in a reckless way which suited her somehow. But it was well she had me to look after her and set everything straight. It took me now a good hour to put her room to rights and in the order in which I liked to see it. This done, I sat down to wait.

The time went slowly. I went through the usual experience of a watcher. I heard the mysterious sounds which after midnight are wont to break the stillness of a house—the creaking of chairs, tables, wardrobes, all answering one another, as it were. I had the usual fitful snatches of sleep, waking up with my head in all manner of impossible positions, until I was thoroughly shaken up by the chill air of dawn stealing into the room; then I went to the window to watch for the carriages. The first passed. It must have been the Pembertons, mother and daughters, going back to the rectory—the Pembertons were gay for a clergyman's family. May was pretty, too. Another roll of distant wheels. This must be my dear. No, it turned off at the top of our road. Dr. and Mrs. Grove, of course. At last one came nearer, nearer, and stopped at our gate. I took the lamp and went to the door, standing a little behind, for fear Mrs. Vaughan's footman would see me, but it was evidently not a servant who was with my sister bidding her good-night. I did not catch what he said, but his voice had, I thought, a tender cadence. The next minute Lily had her arms around me."

"Oh, Nelly, such a night—enchanting! But, dear, how tired you look!"

"Never mind me," I answered, as I locked the door. "Who was that with you?"

"That was Mrs. Vaughan's nephew—Lord Tradegar's eldest son—he is staying at The Elms."

"And he was one of your partners?" I asked, as I took off Lily's cloak to look at her.

If she had been beautiful going out, she was ten times more lovely now. A new expression seemed to have come into her face as she stood before me blushing and laughing.

"Colonel Tradegar danced with me several times; you can not think how jealous the Pemberton girls were."

"But you danced with others?" I said a little anxiously. "I hope you didn't forget John."

"Ah, poor John! I am afraid he was a little angry."

"Oh, Lily! you didn't behave badly to him, after his lovely bouquet?"

Lilian looked a little disdainfully at the flowers, which she had thrown upon the table.

"You should have seen the one Col. Tradegar gave Lady Somers!" she said. "It was twice the size of mine, and all orchids, from his own place, too."

"But John is not Lord Tradegar's son, and it was very good for him to spend his money on you."

I was vexed with Lillie for her ingratitude, but she soon talked me into a good humor.

"Lady Somers admired my dress, Nelly, and so did Mrs. Vaughan, and the Pembertons were quite spiteful. Mrs. Pemberton said I was like a princess."

"Ah, that was just what I though' she would say."

"Well, it is no affair of hers. Col. Tradegar said I was the best-dressed girl in the room, and—but of course that was nonsense—that I was the prettiest. I told him that my dress was all owing to a good fairy I had at home who spoiled me awfully."

"And what did he answer to that?" I answered, looking at my sister mischievously. "That you couldn't be spoiled—wasn't that it?"

Lily began to laugh.

"Oh, Nelly, how did you know? Well, yes; but he has such a way of saying these things they don't sound silly some way. And, Nelly, I think he will come and see us; he said he should like to know my fairy; he was quite sure he would like her."

"That is very kind of him," I said lightly; but after my darling was in bed, and I had gone into my own room after putting away her dress in my closet, I grew rather uneasy about this colonel. What if he were one of those butterfly guardsmen whose occupation is to flutter round every new beauty and trifle with her? I had read of such things and heard dismal stories of broken lives, and this might happen to my darling.

She was not like the girls in society, who get a special education to fit them for such trifling. With them it is a "Greek meet Greek" sort of business, but my Lily was a child, with a child's loving heart; she would fare ill in a contest of this kind. I made myself miserable with these thoughts, and when the morning came I got up quite unrefreshed, and came down looking ten times more weary than Lilian, who was as fresh as a rose-bud, and very unlike the picture I had drawn to myself of a love-sick damsel. She was full of life and spirits, flitting about in a restless manner, and settling to nothing; but I noticed that, as the day wore on, she grew quieter, and had an air of expectancy which made her look prettier than ever.

III.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and I was in the front garden tying up my roses, of which I was a little proud, when I saw a gentleman ride up to the gate, followed by a groom. A tall, striking-looking man this Colonel Tradegar—just the sort of a man to win a young girl's heart.

He came toward me, smiling pleasantly.

"You are Miss Nelly Grey, I am sure," he said. "I know you by your sister's description—the good fairy of the house."

"That is Lily's nonsense," I answered in some confusion. "You must excuse her, Col. Tradegar, giving you such home details. She is a child still, and quite inexperienced in the world's ways," I added, with a little emphasis.

I fancied he understood me.

"That is her charm in my eyes," he said, gravely—"a greater one even than her exceeding beauty. You can not imagine, Miss Grey, how we men reverence innocence and simplicity when they are genuine."

After this, we went into the drawing-room to look for Lily. My dear was not there, but through the window which opened on to our garden we saw her, standing by the old-fashioned sun-dial. She could have been drawn just as she was, her attitude was so perfect. She had on a pretty morning dress of some soft, grey stuff—plain, as all morning dresses should be—and at her throat a bunch of spring flowers. She was as fresh and as fair as spring time itself. As I looked at her, a cry went up from my very heart that no shadow of trouble should fall upon my sweet sister's sunny path. My prayer must have been an unworthy one, for, alas! it was not heard.

But in these spring days, when Col. Tradegar came and went between The Elms and our cottage, there was no shadow of coming trouble. Everything was rose-color, and if I had my moments of doubt and misgiving, I kept them to myself.

These misgivings in no way arose from any fear of Col. Tradegar trifling with my sister's happiness. From the first he made it quite plain that he was in earnest—that he meant to win our darling and take her from us.

I suppose I was foolish, but I grudged her sorely to him. He was what the world calls a great match. He would give her all she wanted. She would, as Col. Tradegar's wife—as the future Lady Tradegar—queen it over those who had looked down upon us. But in spite of all this I did not like Harold Tradegar. I saw through the thin veil with which he tried to hide his contempt for us Greys and our poor household, and I felt sure that once Lilian was his, he would separate her as much as he could from us. I knew that my darling would not willingly yield to such a separation, but in the end she would do so. I saw all this set before me as in a glass, and my heart felt like a stone within me.

IV.

It is not to be supposed that the visits of so distinguished a man as Col. Tradegar should pass unnoticed in so small a place as Durnley, where every one's eyes were on his neighbors.

Dear old Mrs. Grove dropped in one morning to tell me people were "talking."

"And you must be careful, my love, for the Pembertons say the colonel is a well-known flirt."

And later on Mrs. Pemberton came on the same errand, but not with the same good nature.

"Girls make great mistakes in looking too high," she said, "and I can tell you, Nelly, that the Tradegars are the proudest family in England. I think it is only right you should know this, and that in my opinion the colonel is only amusing himself."

"I am sure you will be glad to hear that is not the case," I answered, not without a spice of malice, for I did not think she would share our triumph. "Col. Tradegar and my sister are engaged."

"Oh, really! I hope it is all right. If I were you I would say nothing about it until you see how the Tradegars take it."

But here again her ill-nature was foiled. Lady Tradegar had written what was, I suppose, for her, a kind letter. I dare say being as was said, so proud, her son's choice of an insignificant Miss Gray was a trial. She asked Lilian to come and visit her at Tradegar Castle, and it was on the question of this visit that the first little rift occurred in my darling's lute. It happened in this way. Col. Tradegar was painfully anxious as to the impression Lilian should make upon his family. He harped upon this string so constantly as to offend my high-spirited sister.

"If I please you, is not that enough?" I heard her say one afternoon when she and Harold were together in the garden.

"You would surely like my mother and father to like you?" he answered.

"Of course; but I do not care to be put on my trial exactly."

My dear spoke with a flush upon her cheek, and I, who knew her so well, saw her pride was roused.

"What a strange ideal You do not understand," he said in a cold voice. "Every man would wish his taste approved."

"And suppose they do not approve?" She looked at him with a smile half proud, half mocking.

Col. Tradegar caught her to him.

"My lovely darling!" he whispered.

But Lilian drew away from him; there were tears shining in her glorious eyes.

"Supposing that this beauty which you prize so much—more than anything else, Harold—left me suddenly—such a thing might happen; an illness, an accident might take it away, such as it is—what then? Would you love me no more? Would I be nothing to you if I were to grow old and ugly? Oh, Harold! surely it is not so? You love me for something else?"

She looked wistfully into his face. I did not hear his answer, but her head fell upon his shoulder, his arms went round her. His whispered words had convinced her.

V.

I was very busy in those days—what with the preparation for Lilian's marriage and Lilian's visit, I had my hands full. The latter came before the former, which was some comfort, as my sister would get hints from her future mother-in-law as to how so great a lady should be dressed. But in addition to these matters a great trouble had befallen me, and it was not lessened by the fact that Lily did not seem to share it, which was a sign of the approaching chasm which was to come between us. A couple of weeks ago my dear would have been as grieved as I was that John Hammond, whom we had known all our lives, who had been a brother to us, was going away for years and years to a distant colony. Sometimes—but again I thought it must be fancy—I imagined that it might be Lilian's marriage had something to do with this sudden resolve. I remembered the bouquet, and the dance he had asked for so earnestly, but it was not probable—Lily was to John a child.

If I had seen them much together I could have judged better, but since her engagement he had been mostly in London, and it was after she had gone on her visit to Tradegar that he came back to Durnley.

He looked very sad, I thought, when he came to see me, and, for my part, I could hardly keep myself from bursting out in tears. But that I knew he would not have liked. I had to account for my depression somehow. So I said:

"I feel as if all the world were deserting me—first Lilian and then you, for, of course, you will stay until after her wedding."

"I am afraid not; my ship will have to sail before that time comes. But I shall not be missed—unless by you, Nelly," he added kindly. He must have seen the pain in her face, for he went on: "You have always been my best friend, and you will not forget me, I know."

"Forget you, John—that is not likely!"

"You will write to me—you will let me have news of yourself, and of Lilian? I suppose I should say Miss Lilian; the future wife of a great lord is too much above me to be called by her Christian name."

"John, that is unworthy of you. Lily is the last person to be changed by any such accident of fortune."

"Ah, Nelly, you think so now—wait a while; even pure natures like our darling's can not always resist the sordid influence of the world's fatal teaching."

The words "our darling" had slipped from him unawares; but they lingered on my ear even after he had left me the unutterable softness which his voice had taken as is she were enshrined in his heart's core.

As I thought it all over for the first time in my life, a slight feeling of envy rose up in my heart against my young sister. Was she to have everything—every good, even to the love for which I yearned, and which to her was a useless gift?

It was hard—it was almost more than I could bear! I told myself, as I wandered up and down the straight garden-walk, and let my tears fall upon the face of the sun-dial. The shadows of the May-day lengthened, the evening breeze began to rise, when suddenly I saw, to my surprise, John coming toward me. What had brought him back again? Something was wrong. I knew that much before he spoke; but I did not guess what it was. No. I thought it was my father, who was out in his wheel-chair—something had happened to him, and John had come to break it to me.

"Tell me," I said; "tell me at once, an all. I can bear it. My father—?"

John shook his head—his face was dreadfully white, and then, before he said a word, a chill, like death itself, went through me—but I could not speak. I made some motion which he understood. He took my hand.

"You must be brave, Nelly, for Lilian's sake Your sister has had an accident. The telegram does not say how it happened, but she has been hurt. She wants you to go to her."

I went toward the house. I walked like a blind person; but John took my hand, and led me. When we got into the drawing-room he made me lie down on the sofa and got me some wine, which he forced me to drink.

"You must stay quiet for a little time," he said, "and Hannah can put up your things. Your train will be due in an hour. I will drive you there; and, Nelly, trust your father to me. I will be a son to him."

His voice broke a little when he said this, and this emotion, so strange to him, awoke all my fears.

"She is dead, and you are concealing it from me!" I cried.

"For an answer, he showed me the telegram:

"Colonel Tradegar to John flammond: Miss Grav has met with an accident, and is seriously hurt. She wishes her sister to come to her at once. Break the news gently."

VI.

I reached Tradegar that night at 12 o'clock. I have no remembrance of how I got there. I was conscious of nothing but the longing to be with my darling; but when I saw her—oh, good heavens! shall I ever forget that moment?—my bright, beautiful sister, my lovely Lilian, a helpless, shattered mass! This was how these great people had cared for her—this was how these great people had cared for her—this was how Harold Tradegar had loved her!

To do him justice, he seemed inexpressibly shocked—terribly 'cut up" to use his mother's expression.

But he is in no way to blame," she went on; "no one is. Lilian would ride Sultan, and I need not tell you, Miss Grey, that when your sister takes an idea into her head she carries it through."

I could see by the way Lady Tradegar said this, that she judged my dear in true mother-in-law fashion; but her opinion did not seem to be of much importance. Nothing in this world mattered now except one thing. If Lily's life were spared. That was my one cry from morning to night—from night until morning. At first it seemed as if Heaven did not mean to hear my prayer; but after I brought her back to Durnley, she crept slowly back to life, but never to be her own joyous self again, never to take her place in the world—never to look bright and beautiful as she had done. A cruel scar utterly disfigured her lovely face, and gave the sweet mouth an unpleasant expression; while her perfect figure, from some twist she had received, and which had not been noticed in the beginning, bent now altogether to one side.

She was very patient and gentle, generally lay quite still, with her large mournful eyes fixed and tearless—a sad spectacle to see. One day, to my surprise, she asked me to write to Harold Tradegar.

"You will return him this," she said, taking the diamond ring he had given her from her finger, "and ask him not to give it to his second choice, but to wear it in memory of me."

When she said this, the recollection of the afternoon when Col. Tradegar had put it on her finger came distinctly before me, and caused me such an agony of grief, such a desolation of sorrow, that I had to rush away left my despair should affect my darling.

I did as she bid me; I made my letter as plain as possible for giving no loop-hole for any hope to creep in, nor did I think Col. Tradegar would be anxious to get one. He was the last man, I thought, to wish for a maimed and disfigured wife, but in this it appeared I misjudged him.

Late in the afternoon, two days later, I was told that Col. Tradegar wanted to see me, and going down to the drawing-room, I found him there. He looked agitated.

"What is the meaning of your letter, Miss Grey—did you think so meanly of me that I, a gentleman, a Tradegar, would break my engagement with any woman because her looks were altered?"

I should have liked him better had he not laid such a stress upon his honor and made some mention of his love, but I saw he was in earnest—he would fulfill his bargain if Lilian allowed it.

"My sister would not demand such a sacrifice," I answered coldly.

He colored when I said this.

"I might have known I would receive little assistance from you, Miss Grey. You have never liked me, but it is your sister and not you who is to decide this point. You understand that I insist upon seeing her."

I was not present at their interview—their farewell, I should say, for we never saw Harold Tradegar again. It was not likely that his arguments, based altogether on the honorable ratification of his plighted word, would have availed much with a spirit like my dear's. Love would have used no argument, love would have gathered that poor, stricken thing into the shelter of loving arms, and no words would have been needed. But this would have been too much to expect of Col. Tradegar, and so he passed away out of our lives. To my knowledge, my sister and he never met again.

It was long before my darling raised her head. We took her abroad, away from all the scenes and the faces, the very sight of which was painful to her. We hid ourselves in a lovely Swiss valley, where the kind peasants loved us, and, above all, loved the pretty lady. I remember the first genuine smile in my dear's face was when a child called her this

"You see I am vain still," she said, with a piteous look which made my heart ache.

But her beauty did in a measure come back—that is, to those who loved her.

And, after all, a woman may be very well satisfied if she pleases her husband, and I have heard John Hammond say he thinks no one equal to his wife, my sister Lilian.

The Mugwump.

The Mugwump is a very useful institution. He holds the balance of power, and consequently both parties are required to take him into consideration when it comes to nominating candidates. If the Republicans nominate an objectionable candidate, the Mugwump takes his place on the other end of the see saw, and the objectionable candidate is hurled into the air as if propelled by the hind leg of a mule. The bounced candidate rarely survives the fall, but if he does he is too badly crippled to take any part in subsequent political races. He never runs for office any more.

Blaine owes his defeat to the Mugwump with a large M, which means, of course, that the Mugwump boosted the Democratic party into its present exalted position. If the Democracy buries its talent in a napkin, at the next Presidential election Mr. Mugwump takes his seat on the Republican end of the see-saw and the misguided Democracy goes on an excursion to the stars.

The Mugwump was created for the purpose of putting both parties on their good behavior, and he does it, too. If it were not for the Mugwump the whole country would be filled with the lamentations of bounced officials. As it is, not even all the offensive partisans are removed. In order to maintain his present supremacy the Mugwump should continue to be independent of both parties. He should be like the man on the car who rang the bells at both ends.

"What do you mean by ringing the bells at both ends of the car?" growled the conductor.

"Because I want both ends of the car to stop," replied the Mugwump.

The object of the true Mugwump should be to stop the car at both ends, or, in other words, to check corruption in both parties.—*Texas Siftings.*

A London journal, quoting statistics to back it up, presents as a moral paradox the statement that the most poorly paid working girls in the metropolis are those engaged in the work of sewing and binding Bibles. It adds that "for every heathen abroad who can be induced to use the sacred volume for anything else than gun wadding, a dozen of these girls are driven to perdition at home."

Humor.

BURDETTE'S LATEST.

The Story of the Girl Who Farmed One Summer—A Rather Laughable Sketch.

A CARD FROE MR. THISTLEPOD.

Noticin' in your columns quite recently a paragraph to the followin':

"Miss Ella Witchazel, a charming young school teacher of Villisca, Iowa, finding the close confinement and arduous duties of the schoolroom injuring her health, tried the out door cure. Instead of spending her winter's salary and summer vacation in a crowded hotel at the seashore, she went on a farm, cut 25 acres of prairie hay, harvested 40 acres of wheat, gained 20 pounds in weight, a coat of tan for her hands and face and a rugged health that cannot be equaled any where off a farm. There's the girl you are looking for, young man."

Now, what I want to say: I am well acquainted with this young school marm. Fact is it was my farm she spent the summer on. Nice girl, Ella is, as ever run wild in the sun. We was glad, wife an' me, to have her come, an' she did 'bout as she pleased on the farm. I'd often read in the papers 'bout these young women that taught school in the winter an' farmed in the summer, but I never had any experience of 'em before.

Well, sir, she farmed. First day nothin'd do but she must drive the hoss rake. Well, every man an' woman that comes from town wants to drive the hoss rake, and they call that gittin' in the hay. My little Janey, 11 years old next May, usually drives the rake for us, but she hasn't been overly peart this summer, an' I kinder kept her out of the sun. So Miss Ella gits herself boosted on the hoss rake—my boy, Joe, he boosted her—an' then she screamed an' fell off. Then she got on agin, hit the hoss a crack an' away she went on the dead jump out o' the field into the road, hoss a goin', dust a flyin' an' Miss Ella screechin'. Some of the men headed her off an' stopped the hoss. Then she tried it agin. This time she struck right straight through the standin' grass where it was tallest an' thickest and tangledest; hoss a balkin' and tuggin' away by turns, grass holdin' of or comin' up by the roots, rake teeth a snappin'. We got her out of that, and lost a whole day on the rake, gettin' it mended.

Then she tried drivin' a load into the big barn. Had to send to the house for a ladder, an' then all the men had to go clear out of the field while she climbed up on the load. Drivin' in she got the wagon caught in a hedge gap as wide as the Missouri river, ran over two stands of bees, upset the load and buried herself under 300 pounds of hay. It was the safest place for her under the excitin' circumstances; so we jest left her ther' until the bees got cammed down an' we got some work done. Next load she went in on, and then turned all the men out of the barn while she climbed up into the mow an' then she wandered around until she stepped into a chute and shot down about twenty eight feet into the cow barn an' lit right on the back of a Jersey calf that was worth $250 of any man's money an hour before. Miss Ella wa'n't killed, but she was that jammed up that she lay in bed two days, an' but for that providence we'd hev ben workin' at that hay yet. An' anybody that wants a broken back calf can have one at his own figgers.

Well, come wheat harvest, she must drive the self binder. That was a leetle too risky, but she had her own way. But she couldn't be trusted up above the knives, so somebody had to set up there an' hold her on. My boy Joe, he held her on—I told Joe she was a makin a fool of him—an' if she didn't make him drive around every poppy an' every blossomin' weed she see in that field to save it. Never mind the wheat, but save the blamed weeds. There was only one stump on that 320 acres of prairie land, just one stump, an' I hope I may go to seed before Thanksgivin' if that girl didn't run into it an' break the reaper. Lost all the rest of that day a mendin' of it.

Next day, she was that proud an' confident she could drive alone. Well, we tied her into the seat so's she couldn't fall off an' she started. Two rod from the start a big, black snake stuck up his head—an' you know how slick them knives amputate a snake? Miss Ella she gives a faint little squeak, an' faints dead away. My boy Joe—he's always hangin around—he jumped for the horses, took Miss Ella down and carried her to the house. Money, nor healthy tan, nor rugged appetite, nor nothin' couldn't coax Miss Witchazel into that field agin, an' we got through harvestin' all right. Land, how the men laffed. And yet, we all liked the girl. But the idee of her farmin' —Why, do you know, sir, one day in hayin', she went to town—took one of my best work horses an' was gone all day, an' came home with 'bout 20 yards of blue and white ribbons, and tied 'em on the men's hats and the rake handles, and wanted us all to wear blued shirts, with the sleeves looped up with blue ribbon, go marchin' out to the hay field, me at the head with the most and longest ribbons, a singin', "We merry haymakers, tra, la, la, la, la!" She saw it done that way once in a concert or theayter an' thought that was the way hayin' was always done. An' she was so vexed that she cried when we wouldn't wear 'em. Law, when I put on that hat, ma laid back and laughed till the tears ran down her old cheeks. "Job Thistlepod," she said, "if you'll go out an' work in the rig you'll scare away the grasshoppers." My boy, Joe, he did wear his hat out, but he hid it under the hedge when he got out of sight of the house. I told Joe he was the biggest fool I ever see.

Well, Miss Ella got along fairly well after wheat harvest. Gathered some graceful sprays, she called 'em, of poison ivy one day, and couldn't see out of one eye for nigh a week. One day she took a tin pail to go out after berries, and when she went through the cow pasture the cows thought there was salt in the pail and chased her till she was nigh ready to drop. And she went to the barn once an' tried to harness a young Tuckahoe colt that had never had a halter on him, an' how she got out of that stable alive's more'n I can tell. But what I want to say is, that that's about the way the young women who farm so graceful in the newspapers usually farm on the farm. But we liked her. An' we hated to see her go. An' she will make a splendid wife for some man, if she can't run a farm, but I don't know about your young men comin' out to look after her, for when she said good-by to me to go back to town, she throwed her arms around my neck an' gim me a kiss that I says to my boy Joe, standin' by the wagon to take her to town, he was always somewhere around, "Joe," I says, "you'd give your share in the farm for that," an' Joe, he didn't seem to care for anything of the kind, and Miss Ella, she up an' gave me another squeeze an a kiss, an' I saw her lookin' over my shoulder at my boy Joe and haw!—haw!—haw!—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Matches Made in Parlors.

"Ma, are matches made in heaven?" asked a bright little girl on Fifth avenue of her mother.

"Yes, my child, good matches are made in heaven."

"Did you and papa make yours there?"

"No, we made ours in a parlor, but our love came from heaven. Why do you ask?"

"I heard papa say parlor matches were no better than lucifer matches."

SALLY ANN JONES' PAPERS.

No. 5—Reminiscences of Farm Life—The Sad Results of Jeremiah's Joining the Farmers' Club.

A few years ago there was a good deal of excitement among the farmers about the Farmers' club and the Grange, and Jeremiah, of course, had to belong to one or the other. After considering the matter awhile, he concluded to join the Farmers' club, for the reason, he said, that women didn't belong to the Grange. Says he, "I know that where a lot of women are allowed to let their tongues reared their chirping broods, and each year have set out for their Southern home as soon as the bleak winds of autumn began to howl around their nursery.

A reporter's attention was directed one evening to the myriads of swallows which were hovering around the ruins, fairly darkening the sky, and saw a most wonderful sight. Hundreds of the birds were wheeling and circling in the sky above, and new detachments were constantly coming in from all points of the compass. Recruiting squads were sent out under competent leaders, and as far as could be seen, seemed to be remarkably successful, for the numbers grew rapidly. Their cries grew deafening, and the "orderlies" redoubled their efforts and finally succeeded in marshaling the numberless host in a sort of order. The birds now began to circle around the top of the stack until the mass resembled a huge funnel. The noise was redoubled, but as the leader moved toward the top of the chimney the sounds suddenly ceased and the motion became exceedingly rapid.

Suddenly the leader gave a chirp and with his staff shot down into the chimney with lightning-like rapidity. Another circuit was made and the birds began dropping down the hole like dead leaves falling from an oak tree. Down they plunged—one, two, a dozen at a time, the whirling motion all the time increasing in speed. This continued until only five or six were left, who seemed to be posted as a sort of rear guard over the opening. These scattered in all directions and seemed to be looking for stragglers, for every now and then they drove some tardy one down the hole.

It had now become almost too dark to see the birds plainly and they disappeared down the chimney. Approaching the chimney the twitterings of the new-comers could be distinctly heard, and now and then some sleepy bird would utter a faint remonstrance as some unreasonable neighbor would crowd him from his resting place. In a few minutes all was quiet, and when a stone was tossed up into the back opening it brought no sound from the sleeping colony.

WESTERN SOD HOUSES.

The Railroads and the Rodent Ruin an Industry in Nebraska.

"I don't know whether I dare speak of rats here in Chicago or not," said a man from York, Nebraska, at the Grand Pacific, one day last week, "but I was going to tell you a peculiar thing. Out in our country a certain industry had been entirely ruined by the rats. Before we got a railroad through our country there were men who used to go around putting up sod houses for settlers. I suppose 75 per cent. of the new settlers in our region occupied sod houses when they first moved upon their homesteads. These builders were particularly expert at the work, though anybody can build a sod house. The turf out there is strong and thick, and they cut it up into squares about sixteen inches each way and lay it into a wall. The wall builds up as true as a die if the plowing of the turf has been carefully done. Of course they put in doors and windows just as they would if the wall were made of brick or stone. When the walls are high enough they put some timbers across, pile on some brush, and lay a roof of more turf. These roofs turn water nicely for a year or two. After awhile they dry out and are then not so good. In this way settlers could put up a house at an expense of twenty dollars, and do it in a couple of days. If they couldn't afford a board floor, they would dig down below the soil, and the hard, dry sub-soil made as pretty a floor as a man would want, sweeping clean and keeping quite smooth. Of course our people have nice frame houses now, and have had for years, but sod outbuildings, stables and wagon sheds were in use until the railroad came through, and then it was good-by to sod houses. The railroad brought in the rats, and a rat would cut a sod house so full of holes in a week that there was danger of its falling down. The rats have driven sod houses out of the country."—*Chicago Herald.*

The Liquor Laws of All the States.

Philadelphia Press.

A special effort was made to obtain a statement of the methods adopted in the several states

Recent Literature.

NEW AND COMPLETE ENGLISH-GERMAN AND GERMAN ENGLISH POCKET DICTIONARY, with the Pronunciation of Both Languages. Enriched with the Technical Terms of the Arts and Sciences. For the use of Business Men and Schools. By Dr. J. F. Leonard Tafel and Louis H. Tafel, A. B. I. Kohler, 911 Arch street, Philadelphia. Price, $1.

That this volume answers the purpose for which it was issued is evident from the fact that it is now in its tenth edition. It is of the greatest assistance, both for Germans who are learning the English language and Americans who are studying the German. Its low price places it within the reach of all, and yet it is as complete as some works of much greater pretensions.

A QUIET LIFE. A Pathetic Love Story. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Kathleen," "Miss Crespigny," etc. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents.

This is a tender little love story, with the tragedy of a young life contained in its chapters. The story is simply told, but cannot fail to touch the heart of its readers.

IDYLLES. Par Henry Greville. William R. Jenkins, No. 850 Sixth avenue, New York. Price, 25 cents.

The pretty French series, entitled "Contes Choisis," has reached its sixth number, which consists of several charmingly written sketches by Henry Greville, one of the most popular of French novelists, and is aptly entitled "Idylles." It will undoubtedly add to the reputation the series has already made with French readers, students and teachers.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE APOSTLE PAUL ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIANITY. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This book contains the Hibbert Lecturers of 1885, and begin with "The first church and the conversion of Paul," "The doctrinal teaching of Paul," "The conflict of the Apostle to the Gentiles with Jewish Christians," "The reconciliation of Paulinism and Jewish Christianity," "Paulinism and Gnosticism," "Paulinism and the church." It is well written and interesting.

MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY.

The September number is full of interest and the portraits of leading men are excellent. Among the articles are "Becoming the Original United States Senator," "Joel T. Hart, the Kentucky Sculptor," Grant and Lee—An Estimate;" "The Early Marine Interests of Cleveland;" "Lake Erie;" and others, with the usual editorial departments. 145 St. Clair street, Cleveland, O. $4 yearly.

THE FLORAL CABINET.

This magazine for September contains several articles of interest to flower culturists. One upon "Roses" will be very welcome, as it gives much useful information. The special departments are fresh and timely. 22 Vesey street, New York. $1.25 yearly.

PANSY.

This entertaining magazine for the young folks is full of interesting matter for September reading. The illustrations are excellent, and the whole number is very attractive. D. Lothrop & Co. Boston. $1 yearly.

BABYHOOD.

Families in which there is a baby or young children can hardly afford to do without this little magazine. It is full of the very best information upon what is best for them, and the instruction conveyed is valuable in the highest degree. Babyhood Publishing Company, New York. $1.50 yearly.

THE SEASON.

The current number of this magazine is as full of good patterns and novelties in the way of embroideries and needlework as it always is, which, to those familiar with the publication, means a great deal. International News Co., New York. 35 cents a copy.

WHEN MAKING A CALL.

The Arrangement of Chairs a Very Important Matter—Some Suggestions.

Where do people wish to sit down when they make a call? Near their hostess. What arrangement suits a small company who might prove congenial friends if they had any opportunity really to discover each other? Near together, not at points, equally distant from a common centre. Shall an affectionate family sit Indian fashion round the edges of their home, each in his own fixed place? The result is certain to be Indian silence and monotony. Chairs being to sit in, it follows that the use for which the room is intended is the first question to be asked. The parlor, which, in most families, is the quiet corner where a guest may spend an uninterrupted half hour during a social call, needs some easy chairs, lest the wearied visitor never comes again; but it needs still more, light chairs—and more than one—that can easily be moved about. Whether the easy chairs are cane seat rockers or plush divans, their positions cannot readily be changed, while the light chair that can be taken in the hand and carried from one corner to the other, will furnish the opportunity for sociability two or three times in a single call, perhaps. It must be a chair that can be carried; it is not enough that it roll on castors, for it is still clumsy and heavy, and the effort necessary to alter its position will often prevent the change altogether.

A clever woman, to whom the great world was a second nature, once said that she always observed how the chairs were left in a drawing room where several people had been sitting and put them in the same position next time. This is the secret of success with chairs. Dispose them so that the persons who fall into them shall sit down in the places most natural and satisfactory. Arrange a group of chairs near the door, where the casual caller will drop into one and the hostess into another and without realizing the fact that they are sitting near together will yet be placed in the best possible position for a little conversation. If it is a large drawing room, constantly used by a number of people, multiply these groups of seats, not in ridiculous æsthetic situations, with the sofas at right angles to the room, but conveniently and naturally. Sit down in the chairs, if necessary, and see in what position you would like to find your neighbor. If you remember that the chairs are to sit in, not to look at, not even to give color, you will place them as people will wish to find them, and without knowing why your drawing room will often be full of people and its reputation will go abroad.

How the Vow Was Sealed.

I did not pay very close attention to what the preacher was saying, for I was thinking about a funny story I read three or four years ago about this very Ocean Grove. The tents are large and neatly furnished, and back of each tent is a frame kitchen. These rows of tents are not more than twenty yards from the tabernacle and being quite close together, the conversation which takes place in one tent can be heard in the next. The story is as follows:

There is a good deal of pious flirting going on, and it seems that a young couple had become engaged, somehow or other. Before retiring to his tent the young man, whose name is Jim, conversed with Carrie something after this fashion:

"Now, Carrie, let me seal that vow before I go."

"No, James, I cannot think of it. Indeed it would be quite wrong. What would deacon Smith say?"

"But Carrie, we are engaged you know. Let me seal that vow, Carrie."

"No, James, it would not be proper."

"Come Carrie, let me seal that vow."

Just at this crisis the voice of Carrie's brother was heard in the back part of the tent, for he lifted it up and said:

"For goodness sake, Carrie, let Jim seal that vow, or none of us will get a wink of sleep to-night."

The vow was sealed.—*Texas Siftings.*

Resting Hours for Hard Toilers.

"I see a good deal being said just now about early closing for the benefit of clerks," says a mechanic in the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. "That is right. They have long hours and hard work, and the stores will lose nothing in the long run by it. But I see nothing in favor of the workingman—I mean the manual laborer, skilled and unskilled. They, too, have exceedingly long hours, and get but small pay. The hours which they can spend with their families or in recreation are few, and their comforts in life are few. Wouldn't an hour or two given to them on Saturday afternoon be a mutual advantage to both employer and employe?"

READ THIS IF YOU CAN,

But Won't the Others Pick Flaws in Your Pronunciation When You Do?

[Let some member of the family read this story aloud, while with the dictionary, a late edition of either Worcester or Webster, and any other good helper to the study of language, the others criticise and correct or confirm the reader's pronunciation. There are 225 words here which are frequently mispronounced.]

Geoffrey, surnamed Winthrop, sat in the depot at Chicago, waiting for his train and reading the *Tribune*, when a squadron of street Arabs (incomparable for squalor) thronged from a neighboring alley, uttering hideous cries, accompanied by inimitable gestures of heinous exultation, as they tortured a humble black and tan dog.

"You little blackguards!" cried Winthrop, stepping outside and confronting them, adding the inquiry, "Whose dog is that?"

"That audacious Caucasian has the bravado to interfere with our clique," tauntingly shrieked the indisputable little ruffian, exhibiting combativeness.

"What will you take for him?" asked the lenient Geoffrey, ignoring the venial tirade.

"Twenty-seven cents," piquantly answered the ribald urchin, grabbing the crouching dog by the nape.

"You can buy licorice and share with the indecorous condjutors of your condemnable cruelty," said Winthrop, paying the price and taking the dog from the child. Then catching up his valise and umbrella, he hastened to his train. Winthrop satisfied himself that this sleek protege was not wounded, and then cleaned the cement from the pretty collar, and read these words:

"Leicester. Licensed, No. 1880."

Hearing the pronunciation of his name the docile canine expressed gratitude and pleasure, and then sank exhausted at his new patron's feet and slept.

Among the other passengers was a magazine contributor, writing vagaries of Indian literature, also two physicians, a somber, irrevocable, irrefragable allopathist, and a genial homœopathist, who made a specialty of bronchitis. Two peremptory attorneys from the legislature of Iowa were discussing the politics of the epoch and the details of national finance, while a wan, dolorous person, wearing concave glasses, alternately ate troches and almonds for a sedative, and sought condolence in a high lamentable treble from a lethargic and somewhat deaf and enervate comrade not yet acclimated. Near three exemplary brethren (probably sinecurists) sat a group of humorous youths; and a jocose sailor (lately from Asia) in a blouse waist and tarpaulin hat was amusing his patriotic juvenile listeners by relating a series of the most extraordinary legends extant, suggested by the contents of the knapsack; which he was calmly and leisurely arranging in a pyramidal form on a three legged stool. Above swung figured placards with museum and lyceum advertisements, too verbose to be misconstrued.

A mature matron of medium height and her comely daughter soon entered the car, and took seats in front of Winthrop (who recalled having seen them one Tuesday in February, in the parquet of a theatre). The young lady had recently made her debut into society at a musical soiree at her aunt's. She had an exquisite bouquet of flowers that exhaled sweet perfume. She said to her parent, "Mamma, shall we ever find my lost Leicester?"

Geoffrey immediately addressed her, saying as he presented his card:

"Pardon my apparent intrusiveness; but prithee, have you lost a pet dog?"

The explanation that he had been stolen was scarcely necessary, for Leicester just awakening, vehemently expressed his inexplicable joy by buoyantly vibrating between the two like the sounding lever used in telegraphy (for to neither of them would he show partiality), till, succumbing to ennui, he purported to take a recess, and sat on his haunches, complaisantly contemplating his friends. It was truly an interesting picture.

They reached their destination ere the sun was beneath the horizon. Often during the summer Winthrop gallantly rowed from the quay with the naive and blithe Beatrice in her jaunty yachting suit, but no coquetry shone from the depths of her azure eyes. Little Less, their jocund confidante and courier (and who was as sagacious as a spaniel), always attended them on these occasions, and when'er they rambled through the woodland paths. While the band played strains from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach, and others, they promenaded the long corridors of the hotel. And one evening, as Beatrice lighted the gas by the etagere in her charming boudoir in their suite of rooms, there glistened brilliantly a valuable solitaire diamond on her finger.

Let us look into the future for the sequel to perfect this romance, and around a cheerful hearth we see again Geoffrey and Beatrice, who are paying due homage to their tiny friend Leicester.

A First-Class Education.

"We have a good joke on one of the boys," said a Chicago drummer. "I won't tell you what his name is, but he travels for one of the biggest millinery houses in Chicago. Not long ago he was at Milwaukee, and got into a row at the station with a hack driver. The hackman was a big fell, and, presuming on his size, enjoyed himself several minutes abusing the drummer, who was a little man. The little chap stood it about five minutes, and then his coat came off. I never saw a coat come off a man so quick in my life, and as it came off he gave it a vicious sling to the other side of the room. He meant business, and in about 40 seconds that hack driver had a black eye, a bloody nose, and was yelling lustily 'take him off.'"

"Of course, as soon as order had been restored, we all gathered about our drummer and congratulated him on his nerve.

"'You did him up in scientific shape,' said one of us.

"'You bet your life I did,' replied the millinery salesman, still a little excited; 'I didn't get a first class college education for nothing.'"—*Chicago Herald.*

A Dog Fanning the Baby.

Dog stories are always in order, provided they are true. A gentleman in one of the suburban wards of Pittsburg owned a fine specimen of the spaniel breed which is very fond of children, and when the little ones visit his master's house constitutes himself their companion, playmate and guardian. A few days ago a lady with an infant visited the gentleman, and in the course of the day the child was laid on a pillow on the floor to amuse itself for a time. The dog took his place near the little one, as usual. The day was hot and the flies bad, and they made the baby the target of frequent attacks. This rendered her restless. Doggie watched her for a few minutes, and then, walking close up, with his nose or paw drove away every fly as soon as it lit on the baby's face, and did it so gently, too, as not to disturb her in the least. The dog's actions attracted the attention of the mother and others, who were filled with astonishment at his thoughtful kindness. This story has the merit of truth.

Affecting Incident on a Western Train.

As yesterday afternoon's train pulled out of Meckling and was getting under good headway a man appeared alongside the rear car wildly waving his arms and shouting loudly. Conductor Jackson thinking he had a passenger aboard who was left behind, signaled a halt and the train came to a standstill and waited for the man to approach. He reached the train, shook hands with another man on the platform of the rear car, bade him good-bye, and turned around and started back to the Meckling station. That was all he wanted. There wasn't a dry eye in the whole train over this affecting incident, and even Conductor Jackson was swelled with emotion.—*Yankton, Dak., Press.*

—"I have no appetite," complain many sufferers. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives an appetite, and enables the stomach to perform its duty.

EX-MINISTER BINGHAM

Home from Japan—A Sketch from the Mikado's Domain.

"I have been envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Japan for the past twelve years, and I was eppointed by the silent man you have just laid in the grave," said our late minister to Japan, the Hon. John A. Bingham, of Ohio. A courteous and deliberate gentlemen is the ex-minister, with face of streng features, void of beard save the old fashioned mutton-chop above the high collar.

Very gray is his thin hair, and the heavy eyebrows that give strength to naturally striking lineaments. Mr. Bingham left Yokohama July 12, after receiving at the hands of the most distinguished men of the empire every mark of esteem and distinction, not only at the hour of his departure, but at a banquet tendered him by the Mikado himself.

Minister Bingham's story of what he has seen with his own eyes can scarcely be briefly told in justice to the empire at which he has so long represented this government, yet in a few words what Minister Bingham delights in saying may be briefly outlined.

Seventeen years ago the present Mikado, at the age of 16, came into power, and through revolution. He found a fedual system, wherein 600,000 men were maintained for war. The empire was a military encampment. The young Mikado changed all. He made the dependent the freeman and the fedual rulers the subordinates. He made men freeholders in perpetual tenure of their lands. He insured as great protection to life and property as may be enjoyed even in New York or Chicago. His code of laws he modeled after those of England and the United States, establishing a sufficient judiciary. He gathered about him broad, sound and progressive counselors, and showed his wisdom in that very act.

He rules an empire having already 500 miles of railroad, 5,000 miles of telegraph wire, unsurpassed postal facilities, with a postal savings bank system worthy of imitation in this country. He has built a navy and can repair ships with the best. As great, if not greater than what he has accomplished, is what he has proclaimed he proposes to do, and that is that in 1890 he intends to convert his empire, with a parliament exercising the delegated authority of the people.

"In short," says Minister Bingham, "the progress of Japan has been for an equal number of years without parallel in the history of the world—without a parallel in the achievements of a civil administration."

"How has Christianity progressed?"

"Christianity has been as free as Buddhism. Our missionaries are doing excellent work. They are laborious and industrious. They have already translated the New Testament, and will do the same for the Old. They travel all about the empire with their passports, paying their own way, and not beleting themselves upon anybody."

"Do we need any commercial treaties with Japan—any reciprocity treaty?"

"We need a fair and just treaty, such as Washington and Jefferson used to make. She needs everything we have got; yes, our breadstuffs, for she is be ginning to use wheat in lieu of her common staple, rice."

"What is the future of Japan?"

"It will be great if the Western nations will take their fetters off her, and stop visiting her with the Bible in one hand and a Colt's revolver in the other."

Minister Bingham seems thoroughly disgusted with the dictation in tariff matters which Japan has suffered from England, and the very slight percentage she gets from her duties. He himself was instrumental in getting a commercial treaty with Japan ratified by Congress some years ago, but it was not finally allowed to become operative. His diplomatic and personal relations have been of the pleasantest kind with the Mikado and court, and he had the distinction of being the only diplomatic representative at Tokio who, without change, served his government for as many as twelve consecutive years. Minister Bingham's old home is Cadiz, Ohio. He will pay his respects to the President and retire on well-earned laurels.

The Calico Boom in Amesbury.

Everybody you meet in Amesbury, Mass., says "calico." It seems that the the people have just begun to realize that calico makes prettier summer suits than any other material, but the predominating reason given by most of the influential ladies who have been asked about it is that "it will help the poor factory operatives who have so long been out of work," and, "besides," they say, "if every lady will purchase enough of the calico for even a single dress that it would be sufficient to make such a demand for the goods as to cause every print factory in the country to start on full time for one year."

One lady suggested that, as they are engaged in charitable work as well as a fashionable one, "the men ought to wear calico coats and vests during the summer," and several young men at once acted upon the suggestion, and forthwith bought material for calico vests and left their measures at the tailors'. Taken altogether, the move is pronounced a good one, and likely to be of great dimensions. Those who can well afford to wear the most costly silks seem to take great interest in the movement, and will be the first to come out in calico suits. Said one bright, pretty girl about 17 years old: "If only two or three rich ladies in every town would just buy calico dresses and wear them out to church, then I would have to run two more looms to keep up, and then wouldn't I make good pay?"

Attractive Force.

The scientific passenger was talking of electricity, magnetism and all that sort of thing. He talked very wisely and quoted much from the books. His hobby was the attractive power of electricity and it's vast possibilities as a mechanical agent. But though he talked much and learnedly nobody seemed to understand him. The faces about him were blank. One impatient listener squirmed in his seat as if he would like to escape, but finally broke in with:

"That's enough, professor. Nobody denies the attractive force of electricity."

"You understand me, then—you can follow my arguments?" exclaimed the professor, delightedly.

"No, blast your arguments. Life is too short. But I know all about the attractive force of electricity. I'm a Detroit alderman, and the Electric Light company has captured every cussed one of us, 'ceptin' myself, and if they'll raise their present offer two hundred they'll get me."—*Chicago Herald.*

The Ticking of a Clock.

Slight though the ticking of a clock may be, its sudden cessation has a wonderful influence upon the inmates of a room in which the time-keeper is located. A dim realization of something wrong steals over the senses—a feeling as if something of value had been lost, or a friend had gone away perhaps never to return, or as if some of the children were sick, until suddenly some one looks up and exclaims: "Why, the clock's stopped!" And immediately the ill-defined forebodings dissipate, the little shadow of gloom melts away, and as the winding-up process is completed, and the cheery ticking recommences, the family circle regains its wonted buoyancy of spirits and the members wonder what it was that made them feel so gloomy a few moments before.

A Solemn Thought.

If any one of us knew that to-morrow he would be dead, I wonder what he would do to-day? I looked upon a hurrying crowd on a thronged thoroughfare, and this thought came to me. I looked upon a charming little home circle, and the thought come again. Every day somebody drops out of the crowd and out of the family circle. Some of us live as though we don't care what becomes of us or what people say of us after we are gone—an indifference which has never made any man good and kind and noble in life, worthy to be respected in death and followed to the grave a sorrowing multitude.

DAYS AND MONTHS.

Where the Names Come From and Why They Were Given.

All our boys and girls know the names of our days and months; but how many of them can tell the origin of these names—that is, where they came from and why they were given. Suppose we talk a little about it; and then, whenever you speak of the months or days, try to recall the facts that have caused us to use these names.

The English language is a mixture of Saxon and Norman French coming to use through our English ancestors, the early settlers of the United States. As long ago as the fifth century after the birth of our Savior, a fierce people, called the Saxons, completely overran and conquered the island of Great Britain; and their language, religion and customs very soon took the place of those of the Britains they had subdued. These Saxons were pagans, and worshipped the sun, the moon, and a great number of idols, which they called gods. As they wished to inculcate a belief in their false religion, they named the days of the week after some of the more prominent subjects of their worship, and to this day these names have been retained though in a slightly modified form.

As they devoted the first day of the week especially to the worship of the sun, they called the day *Sun doeg*, or Sunday, as we have it. Their idol, intended to personate the sun, had the bust of a man, and held with outstretched arms a fiery wheel before his breast. The whole aspect was very fierce, and the figure was placed on a lofty pedestal, so as to be seen at a great distaace.

The second day, being set apart for the worship of the moon, they called *Moons doeg*, or Moon-day, now Monday. The idol by which they represented the moon was in the form of a woman, with very long ears. She was clothed in a short dress and hood and held the moon in her hand.

They had also an idol named Tuises, who was at first whorshipped as the Teutonic race, but later as the *Son of the Earth*. He was represented as a venerable sage, with mild countenance, and was clothed in the skin of some animal, and held a scepter in his right hand. To this God the Saxons dedicated the third day, calling it *Tusico doeg*, which we have gradually softened down to Tuesday.

The name of the fourth day was *Woden's doeg*, whence we derive our Wednesday. Woden or Odin was the supreme god of the Norsemen, or men of the North, of whom the Saxons were a part, and their mythology is chiefly made up of the wonderful feats of this favorite idol. His image was of fierce, war-like aspect, and he held a huge sword in his right hand, which was uplifted, as if ready to strike down his foes.

Woden's eldest son was *Thor*, who, next to his parents, was esteemed as the greatest of gods, both by the Saxons and Danes. In appearance he is the most distinguished of their idols, and is represented as seated on a throne, with a royal sceptre in his hand, and his head adorned with a golden crown, in which are set twelve brightly gleaming stars. The fifth day was devoted to his worship, and thence called *Thor's doeg*, or Thursday.

Friday, or *Friga's doeg*, derives its name from Friga, the wife of Woden and the mother of Thor, she, like her husband and son, was a favorite with all the Norsemen, and the different clans vied with each other in making the most costly sacrifices to her. She was represented with a sword in her right hand, and a bow in her left,—the first for conquest, the second for defence.

The Saxons dedicated the seventh or last day of the week, to Seaeer or Saterne, calling it *Seater's doeg*, or Saturday, as we now express it. This idol was shone with a lean face and figure, his head uncovered, and his garment girt about the waist, thus symbolizing the binding together of the seven days; while the wheel in one hand, and the pail of fruit and flowers in the other, are supposed to represent, the former the passage of time, and the latter results of the week's labor.

The names of our months we derive from the Romans, who conquored Great Britain very soon after the commencement of the Christian era. January is named from *Janus*, a two-faced Roman idol, to indicate that it points toward the old season just finished, and the new one just begun. February was named by Romulus, from *Februa*, the Mother of Mars, and March from *Mars*, the god of war himself. April receives its name from *Apure*, to open, because then the earth opens her bosom to pour forth her long hidden treasures. May was so called from *Maio*, the mother of Mercury, and June from *Juno*, the wife of Jupiter, all favorite deities of the Romans. July was named by Mark Anthony, in honor of the celebrated Roman emperor, Julius Caesar, the first of his nation who attempted the conquest of Great Britain. August, which means *grand* or *great*, received its name in compliment to another Roman emperor, called Octavius Augustus. September was named from *Septem*, the seventh; October from *Octo*, the eighth; November from *Novem*, the ninth, and December from *Decem*, the tenth month of the Koman year. As a matter of convenience, the names have been retained, though inappropriate according to our numbering of the months.

Fashion's Fancies.

Combination costumes continue in favor.

Men's hose are in delicate blue and white stripes.

Rubies are at present the most fashionable of all jewels.

Tailor-made costumes have flat drapery for the front and sides.

Vest and plastron effects are arranged diagonally from left to right.

A group of poppies in gold has silver leaves with golden veins run through them.

A brooch of Autumn leaves has a handsome but small diamond ensconced in each leaf.

Shoulder capes of grenadine and lace have rows of lace frills gradually widening from the shoulder.

Full undersleeves of surah in a lighter shade than the bodice, are inserted in cut-away sleeves. They are finished by a full frill falling over the hand.

Dark navy-blue and crimson are still handsomely combined, and red velvet trimmings and velvet flowers are worn in the accompanying hat or bonnet of the dress, which has red collar, waistcoat and cuffs of the same color.

Bodices made with a movable waistcoat are much in vogue at present. By means of buttons or hooks and eyes, a colored waistcoat, contrasting in both material and hue with the dress, can be easily arranged.

Some very charming mantles for ladies are composed of black Gttoman or plain beaded velvet gauze, trimmed with lace flounces and jet braid with pendants; the models of beaded gauze being ornamented with rich beaded motifs; those of the plain material have all the seams covered with jetted braid, and the penchant shown for front trimmings appears to extend to mantles and wraps of all kinds, which are ornamented with lace put on in cascades or shell-like curves. On many shapes the sleeve forms part of the back, on others the sleeves are turned under and completed by an under part; those mantles with seams marked out by jetted braid have a curved seam down the center of the back.

A Sudden Collapse.

Yesterday at the fair, a man was coming out of the grounds with his little boy, and the youth was having a glorious time with a toy balloon attached to the top end of a thread. The man wore a full beard and a lighted cigar. The cigar was in his mouth, and the lighted end was on the outside. The gentle zephyrs, inspired by mischief, caught the balloon and wafted it suddenly against the cigar. There was an explosion, and the man, when he found out what hit him, took time to ascertain that he got a very clean and sudden shave on the right side of the face, and a burned cheek. He was also minus a cigar. The little boy looked mournfully at a thread, on the lower end of which hung a piece of rubber about an inch square. Moral—cigars, balloons and little boys dont agree.

WRINKLES.

Line of the Fortieth Year—Crow's Feet the Detestation of Ladies.

We all become interested sooner or later in the subject of wrinkles. They are the "irreparable outrage" of Racine; but although they are so universal few have endeavored to explain their origin and progress. M. Mantegazza, in the Italian scientific journal *Natura*, has recently published a study on the subject, which appears to contain all that can be said on it at present. Wrinkles are produced in the first instance by the frequent repetition of some muscular contraction or by sickness. According to one writer they are not merely superficial, but appear when the epidermis is removed, and are found not only in the face but all over the body. They do not run in any regular direction, and no law has been found including oll their directions. They are said to depend mainly on the *fasciculi* which form the reticular part of the dermis. M. Mantegazza thinks that the life history of a man can be written from his wrinkles.

Those across the forehead are found even in children who are rickety or idiots. Going in the sun with the face insufficiently covered brings them on prematurely. But they are in every case normal at 40, or even earlier. Vertical wrinkles between the eyes come quickly to men who study or who worry themselves. This can readily be imagined: the eyebrows contract naturally when in deep thought; grief or worry produces the same action, which, when repeated frequently produces a fold in the skin, marking emotion undergone many times. One of the rules of the Jesuits was that the eyebrows were not to be contracted. This was excellent from a moral point of view, but it was also excellent to prevent wrinkles between the eyes. Between these and the straight lines on the forehead already mentioned come the arched wrinkles of the forehead, found above the roof of the nose. These often tell of long and cruel physical suffering, or of still more painful mental torture. They arise from a great development of the vertical wrinkles and the resistance of the skin above.

The crow's feet mark the passing of the fortieth year. They are especially detested by ladies, says M. Mantegazza: and he forthwith relates an ancedote of a lady who succeded in keeping off the dreaded visitation long after it was due by the expedient of using springs to keep the skin stretched at night at the corners of the eyes. These wrinkles are characterized by furrows which diverge from the external angles of the eye in all directions, like the claws of the bird after which they are named. The wrinkles in the nose are less frequent and less noticeable, and appear in old age. Those which descend from the nostrils down each side of the mouth (the *rides naso labiales*) are perhaps the first to appear. The reason is simple. These furrows are created in laughing or mastication; a simple smile is sufficient to produce them, so it is not surprising the repetition of the commonest facts should soon be graven on the face. They are also hereditary. M. Mantegazza had them when he was 22 years of age, and his children have had them from their earliest years. The wrinkles of the cheeks and chin follow the oval of the face, and are caused by a diminution of the fatty substance under the skin, which then falls into folds. The small wrinkles which form a network in the lower part of the cheeks near the ears have the same origin, and only appear in old age. Those found in the upper eyelids, and sometimes in the lower, which give the eyes an air of fatigue, are the results of hard living, grief or worry.

Howells as a Writer.

Lillian Whiting in Boston Traveler.

But the supreme test of the creative power is the degree of success with which it deals with ideas "We must lay it down as certain," says Matthew Arnold, "that in modern literature no manifestation of the creative power not working with ideas can be very important or fruitful." Does Mr. Howells meet this test of artistic ethics? Rochefoucauld found exceeding aversion in recording the weakness, the follies, and the errors of mankind; but it is one thing to amuse one's self with the faults and failings of the "Comedie Humaine," which passes in endless procession before us, and quite another to take these and "hold them up to the diviner reason." It is to this ideal that the fiction of Mr. Howells is not, in our judgment, amenable, and the fundamental reason is that it is not sufficiently in earnest. He looks upon life, not deeply in sympathy with its noblest possibilities, but as rather an amusing comedy, to which he supplies annotations. The women of his novels, whether in well-bred, or philistine circles, are but ingenious variations of the whimsical, well-meaning and shallow Isabel of his first sketch, "The Wedding Journey." The vacuity of the girl in all his novels, on which the brightness, and freshness of her youth reflects an unconscious charm, becomes, in the woman, vagary and shallowness. The husband and the lover of his fiction humor the spoiled-child-attitude of the woman and treat her as a pet, a plaything, but never as a companion. Mr. Howells has laid his readers under obligation for much that is graceful, lovely, polished and refined in literature. But one type of character he has never given us, from the first to the last of his novels, a woman with the soul of nobleness in her. The moral ideal of "Silas Lapham" touches a more genuine note than in any previous work. To make his hero pull through the stress, true to a rude integrity of purpose, and to make him feel, notwithstanding that his honesty had made him lose all that could make life worth living to a Silas Lapham,—to make him feel that "if the thing was to do over again, right in the same way, I guess I should have to do it," is a triumph that elevates the episode from art into ethics. The failure of "The Rise of Silas Lapham" is the failure to deal with great ideas. It is a photograph and not a composition. This story of actual life leads us to no "divine reason," and bears "no relation to the eternal order of the world." Any itinerant photographer could give to us an accurate picture of two peasants pausing in their work in a potato field, but only the divine genius of a Millet could give to us the immortal Angelus.

A Woman's Opinion of Man.

As a rule man is not overpoweringly brilliant. When I hear of any bright performance I am more than eager to place it to his limited credit. Man deserves some praise for trying to shine. Naturally he can never attain the witty heights of woman, but he gets more than even. He always has his own way, which no woman ever does. He can spend all the money he wants to, which no woman ever can. He stays out till all hours, which no woman is allowed to do. He can buy a hat or a coat without being compelled to account strictly for each cent, which no woman is ever permitted to do. He can spend $2.50 for a lunch, and growl at a quart of ice cream bought for the family use, and he can spend $25 for a lark, while she stays home with the children and burns one gas jet, and eats the scraps. Yes, there are times—all times—when a man has the best of it.

What to Call Your Parents.

One of our exchanges cries out against the fashion of calling the old folks "papa" and "mamma," instead of "father" and "mother." This would seem to be merely a matter of taste. In New England children are taught to say father and mother, but in the west and south papa and mamma. It is somewhat remarkable that in the Greek, Latin, German, Danish, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Swedish and French the word "papa" is used to signify what it does in English; and we find the word "mamma," "maman" or "mama" in the Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portugese, French, German, Welsh and Armorican signifying "mother." We are not sure that we do not rather fancy these words "papa" and "mamma," because they are addresses of tenderness and endearment which are applied only to human parents.

The Camp Fire.

For the Blade Camp Fire.

ACROSS THE DEAD LINE.

On western Georgia's sandy soil,
Within a loathsome prison pen,
Lay many thousand shattered forms
That once were strong and loyal men.

They lay unsheltered on the ground,
Beneath the burning Southern sun,
And out into the "great unknown,"
They passed unheeded one by one.

A creek of filth ran through the pen,
From which each one was forced to take
What little water he could use,
His paltry gill of meal to bake.

One evening, as the sun sank low
Upon the western horizon,
A lad walk down toward the creek—
He was a widow's only son.

He left his happy home and friends,
All for the sake of his dear land;
And ever in the battle's front
Wielded her sword with steady hand.

But on an evil day he had
Fallen into the traitor's hand,
And here he pined his life away
With thousands more of that brave land.

Slowly he hobbled o'er the ground,
Thinking of his far distant home,
But suddenly he stops—steps back—
He on the fatal line had come.

At once a savage shot rings out,
Fired by a heartless villain's hand,
And with a cry his form sinks down,
His life blood streaming on the sand.

One of his chums, a noble lad,
Whose once bright face was pale and sad,
Knelt by his dying friend to pray
And hear the last words he might say.

"Tell mother she was not disgraced
By me," the dying soldier gasped.
As round his weeping comrade's neck
His weak and trembling arms he clasped.

"Ask Mary to forgive me, Tom,
If I have ever done her wrong;
I never meant it if I did;
You know she loved me true and long.

"The day we started to the front
I kissed her on her snow-white brow
And told her she must soon be mine,
But I shall never see her now.

"Tell her I—I—" but voice was gone,
He sank into his comrade's arms
And in a moment passed away
Where sin and sorrow never harm.

Just as the sun sank out of sight
That ragged, faded suit of blue,
Dyed with a noble heart's best blood,
Was changed for one of spotless hue.

Chat Around the Fire.

The poem, "Calibre Fifty-four," by Will Carleton, published in the CAMP FIRE a couple of weeks ago, is a narrative of a fact. The incident occurred at Shiloh. The boy of the poem is now Orin P. Howe, esq., of Streator, Ill., a harness manufacturer.

William McNeeley, Co. G, 158th N. Y. Twelve Mile, Kan.:

Samuel J. Ashton, of Stewart, Neb., asks if any of the readers of the BLADE can tell him what became of the ironclad Monitor. I think I can. Late in the summer of 1864 the United States government wanted to place some torpedoes in the Neuse river, and to do so the torpedoes had to be sent by cars from Newbern to Batcheld's creek. The government wanted to place the torpedoes in the river so that it would not reach the Johnnies' ears, so the torpedoes were fixed up to look like vinegar barrels, and I have heard it said they were labeled vinegar. When they were taken off the cars they were not handled carefully enough, and by some accident they went off, killing and wounding between 100 and 150 soldiers belonging to the 132d N. Y., and destroying the signal station and killing the soldiers that were in it, making a wreck of the Monitor at the same time. I belonged to the 158th N. Y. and my company was stationed at the rei-house at the time. I would like to hear from some of my old regiment if they see this in the BLADE.

This correspondent is mistaken. One of the monitors may have been wrecked in the explosion of which he speaks, but the original Monitor, which fought the famous battle with the rebel Merrimac, went down in a storm off Cape Hatteras.—ED.

E. F. Lee, 41st Ill., Cerro Gordo, Ill.:

I see Comrade John L. Curtis, of Burti, N. Y., says in the BLADE of August 6 that the army of the Potomac did more marching and fighting than any other army in the service. O, my dear sir, how cheeky you are to make such a claim. Sherman's army that marched all over the Southern confederacy and fought its way almost to Richmond before the close of the war—that army commenced at Cairo, Ill., and marched and fought its way through Ft. Henry, Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Memphis and down the Mississippi river, capturing Vicksburg, came back and went through Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge, marched and fought the Atlanta campaign, until its capture drove Hood north and then cut loose and marched to the sea, 300 miles at one clip, then through South and North Caroiina, thence through Virginia, passing Petersburg and Richmond and rolling up to Washington at the grand review, passing over in a day or two the most of the ground that the army of the Potomac had fought over for four years. We do not wish to pluck one laurel from the army of the Potomac, for it had a hard time and lots of fighting, but we shall never consent to the statement that it did more marching and fighting than the gallant Western army led by Grant, and then by Sherman, McPherson and Logan.

C. H., Free Soil, Mich.:

Seeing in the BLADE a letter from a rebel signed E. F., of Boonville, Tenn., telling of the starvation of rebel prisoners at Elmira, N. Y., I wish to say that it is untrue. I was too young to be in the army, but lived within six miles of Elmira, and know the prisoners were both well fed and sheltered. Two of them, upon their release, came into our place and married there and were stout and robust men. I had a cousin that died in Salisbury and have a neighbor who was in Libby, and know their stories of Southern prison life are true.

H. W. Wright, Co. C, 91st Ind., Verona, Mo.:

I come with an armfull of cobs for the CAMP FIRE. I have been down to Cumberland Gap, Tenn., to get these cobs. They are the ones from which we shelled the corn in January and February, '64, and parched, to keep from starving that cold winter, when our "sow-bosom" and "hardtack" had to be carried *a la* jack mule over the snowy and icy mountains from Camp Jackson, 150 miles away. One day nothing was issued but three ears of corn to the man. And what government rations we did get were so slim we had to forage for corn and run the mills down Powell valley to get enough grub to satisfy the gnawings of hunger. I have been waiting two years to see a word from some of the old 97th in the CAMP FIRE, but have seen nothing but a line from Sergt. Billins, of Co. E. I have an anxiety to know how many of the regiment are readers of the grand old BLADE, and will be highly pleased to get the name and address of all the boys of said regiment and all relatives of any deceased member of the regiment, on a postal card.

The right name of a little girl who wrote a few days ago to the CAMP FIRE is Elma V. Hubbs, Albuquerque, N. M., instead of Emma V. Stubbs.

C. M. D. Hymes thinks that E. F., of Brownville, Tenn., does not know much about the war when he says that the Southern soldiers were starved in Northern prisons. He writes the following from personal observation: "It chanced to be my lot to be acquainted with some of the soldiers that were on Johnson's island, and they say they had plenty to eat, and I happened to be at Camp Chase when the rebels drew rations. Why, they drew light bread, pork, beans and coffee. I was curious to see Johnnies at that time, and I took notice how well they were fed. I never heard an instance though where their prisoners were hunted down with bloodhounds."

David Parks, Sterling, Neb.:

I was in the army three years, being a member of the 36th Iowa regiment, Co. A. I enlisted at Albia, Iowa, under Capt. Varner. In reply to J. M. L. I will say that he is perfectly correct in his statements about poisonous virus in rebel prisons. I was in Tyler about the same time. I was taken prisoner at Mark's mill and marched to Tyler, Tex., and there I remained ten months. I was released February 10, 1865. Their cruel work of vaccination was going on at that time. If this should fall in the hands of any of my good old 36th Iowa comrades, please reply to it. Surely some of my comrades are readers of our good paper. I have always been true to the blue. I have

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, headed "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it briefly, it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer to the Post Issue. The question basket is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle petty disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. As all matter for this department has to pass through the hands of one man, he is the best Judge of what shall and what shall not be answered. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

There is a call for a descriptive letter from Sherman and Cheyenne counties, Kan.

There is a request for a descriptive letter from San Fernardino county, Cal., and especially of the town of Needles.

B. B., Collensburg, Pa.:

Will a letter addressed to a person in a city go without a ten cent stamp on it after October 1?

No.

A. M., Pratt Center, Kan.:

I have a 50-cent piece of 1908. Please tell me its value.

Fifty cents.

J. Campbell, Alma, New Mexico: Your sample specimen is too small for analysis and examination. It is impossible to tell definitely without a chemical analysis, which you can get made for about $5.

Sub, Delaware, O.:

The property being in the wife's name, is it necessary for the husband to sign mortgage and note? Is endorsing notes to make the note valid in their state of Indiana?

She cannot convey her real estate unless her husband joins in the deed; neither can she receive her own separate real estate for her husband's debts.

N. H. Van Fossen, Paradise, Butte county, Cal., asks the Blade to publish the following recipe for all pot-house ales and wounds, which he says he has ever found to fail: Common salt, one spoonful; soda, one tablespoonful; dampen it; prick the bitten place with a needle or sharp pointed knife; lay or bind the saleratus on; in a few minutes it will get hot and dry; take off and repeat; and keep on so long as a drop runs from the wound, when the cure will be complete.

Inside, Kansas:

1. Please tell us the time when passed, and full meaning of quarantine regulations which forbids Texas cattle going through Kansas and Missouri. What advantage would it be to the United States? 3. Some answer as to No. 1.

T. E. S., Ricedale, Ky.:

1. What salary do the members of the British House of Lords and House of Commons receive? 2. Please give a list of those whom Cleveland has appointed some colored men postmasters and marshals.

3. Members of Parliament receive no salary; but the Speaker receives a salary of £6,000 a year, and is well provided for when he is retired. 2. Do not think there are any instances to give; Cleveland was not elected President for that purpose.

Reader, Walkersville, W. Va.:

1. What per cent. do banking companies receive when depositing bonds at the time of commencing business? 2. Will the government pay any part of Gen. Grant's funeral expenses? 3. How many days was he kept out of the grave, considering the one he died in as the last? 4. Give a history of Gen. McClellan.

1. Ninety per cent. 2. Not unless Congress makes an appropriation for that purpose. 3. He died Thursday, July 23, and was buried Saturday, August 8. 4. It has been given.

J. W., Loudonsville, W. Va.:

1. Please give a sketch of the life of Gen. Kilpatrick. 2. Of Gen. Joe Hooker.

1. He was born near Deerstown, N. J., in 1838; graduated at West Point; wounded at Big Bethel, June 10, 1861; served with various skirmishes in Virginia and in the battle of Manassas; colonel 3d New York cavalry in 1862; commanded a cavalry brigade in Stoneman's raid in 1863; brevetted lieutenant colonel for gallantry at Gettysburg; commanded cavalry division, Army of the Potomac, and participated in frequent engagements; commanded the 3d cavalry division, Army of the Cumberland, in the invasion of Georgia; on staff of Gen. Sheridan; brevetted colonel, captain 1st artillery, November 26, 1864; brevet brigadier general March 13, 1865, for the capture of Fayetteville, N. C., and major general U. S. A., for campaign in the Carolinas; resigned from the army, June 18, 1865; appointed minister to Chili, in November, 1865; a very effective political speaker. 2. Has been given.

D. N. P., Stockholm, N. J.:

1. How many G. A. R. posts are there in the United States, and what is the membership? 2. Please give a brief history of Tweed's career in New York City.

1. On March 31, 1885, 38 departments reported 6,000 posts and 320,681 members. Last June the membership was 409,489. There was an increase by muster of 66,729 and by re-enlistment of 20,275, or an increase of 86,004 during Gen. John S. Kountz's term, eleven months, ending June 25, 1885. 2. Tweed was born in New York. He served the public the first few years of his majority, as a chair maker; then as a brush maker; then as a local law maker and breaker he served in various capacities in the city and in the state of New York. He was in Congress in 1853-5. From 1857 to 1871 he was Commissioner of Public Works, and in this position he and his "ring" appropriated vast sums of money to private use. On October 28, 1871, Charles O'Conor brought suit against him, in behalf of the people, and Tweed gave bail in the sum of $1,000,000. He was reelected to the state senate the next month, but did not take up his seat. On December 16 he was arrested on a criminal charge, and on January 30, 1875, the first suit was tried, and the jury disagreed. On November 19 he was sentenced to twelve years imprisonment for fraud and was fined $12,750. He was released by appeal. The greatest of the numerous suits was begun against him in the New York supreme court, April 7, 1875, to recover $6,000,000 of the public money. On December 4 he was committed to the debtor's department of the county jail, but he was transferred to the criminal department, and confined in Ludlow street jail. He escaped on December 4, but was recaptured in Spain and returned, to remain in jail till death, April 12, 1878.

C. C. R., Pilot Grove, Mo.:

Can you give me any information in regard to the flow of water in Niagara river? Is it made by wash, or is there a preparation used to make it smooth before varnishing?

The wood must be well dressed before the varnish is applied. It requires great care and patience to do a good job of varnishing. Varnish must always be applied in a moderately warm room, where the air is dry and free from dust; no care must be taken how the dust is removed, but the room in which one has become quite dry. It requires practice to find out how much varnish to take in the brush. Enough must be left on an upright surface to ensure a good flow of varnish, but not enough to form beads before it sets, and make unsightly ridges as it dries. After giving the work six or seven coats, let it get quite hard (which you will prove by pressing your thumb nail on it; if it leaves a mark it is not hard enough); then, with the first and three fingers of the hand, rub the the varnish until it lathes, and proceed over the part of the work you mean to polish, in order to take out all the streaks or partial lumps made by the brush; then give it another coat, and let it stand a day or two to harden. To polish varnish surfaces, first rub it with very finely powdered pumice stone and water, afterwards, patiently, with an oiled rag and Tripoli, until the required polish is produced. The surface is then cleaned off with soft linen cloths, cleared of all grease with rotten stone and sweet oil, and finished bright with the palm of the hand. There are various ways of polishing varnish, however. Here is a French method: With a piece of fine gummed paper rub the varnish gently over in the direction of the work with the grain until the rising of the grain is done; then, with powdered Tripoli and boiled linseed oil, polish the work to a bright finish. The will be a very superior polish, but it requires considerable practice.

S. A. R., Tribes Hill, S. C.:

Please give the story of Castor and Pollux, said to be sons of Jupiter.

According to Homer they were the sons of Leda and Tyndareus, king of Lacedæmon, and consequently brothers of Helen. Hence they are often called by the patronymic *Tyndaridæ*. Castor was famous for his skill in taming and managing horses, and Pollux for his skill in boxing. Both had disappeared from the earth before the Greeks went to Troy against Troy. Although they were buried, says Homer, yet they came to life every other day, and they enjoyed divine honors. According to other traditions, both were the sons of Jupiter

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., PUBLISHERS. | D. R. LOCKE, EDITOR.

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The army of the Cumberland will hold a reunion at Grand Rapids, Mich., September 16 to 18.

There are complaints coming in that the railway mail service is becoming badly demoralized, owing to the putting on of many raw and incompetent Democrats on the force.

Should Secretary Endicott issue the order limiting the detail of officers of the staff corps at any one place to four years, it will give several an immediate change of residence, in some cases not agreeable.

New York is exceedingly disappointed over her failure to draw contributions from other cities to the Grant monument fund. There has been no response, the feeling evidently being that New York can do it herself. The sum raised so far is less than $100,000.

Boycotting a political party is the latest phase. In Berlin, N. Y., the Democrats do not like the new postmaster. They met in solumn conclave and passed the following resolution:

That we, the Democrats of the town of Berlin in caucus assembled, do hereby pledge ourselves that we will not send a delegate to any convention nor vote a Democrat ticket as long as Alanon M. Hull remains postmaster of Berlin.

The American *Wool Grower* makes the following suggestion to the flockmasters of the country, and we commend it especially to those of Ohio, in order that the free trade Democracy may have a first class set back on October 13 next:

Now that our farmers are again coming to the time of the year when labor in the fields becomes less pressing and more leisure is afforded for other work, let them organize sheep-breeders' and wool-growers' associations where there are none and push the work where there are, to the end that the winter of 1885-'86 may see a campaign of unprecedented vigor on the part of this great interest to right the wrongs forced upon it by an unjust Congress.

The Chicago *Mail* picks up the revered Vice President of the United States, Mr. Hendricks, and shows that his knowledge of English political parties is of the most hazy and indefinite character. In his speech at Indianapolis, before the meeting of Irish-American citizens who sympathize with Mr. Parnell's home rule idea, Hendricks alluded to "the two great English parties, the Whig and Tory, or the Radical and Liberal." The political parties of England are the Conservatives, or Tories, and the Liberals, or Whigs. The radicals are the most advanced wing of the latter party. Hendricks said, in effect, that the radicals are opposed to the Liberals in the concessions of the latter to Parnell. On the contrary, they complain that the Liberals do not concede enough.

Those best informed as to the ideas of the President on legislation, assert that he will recommend in his forthcoming message to Congress no modification of nor amendment to the civil service law. On the silver question, he will take strong ground against the further coinage of the standard silver dollar, but will endeavor to placate the silver men by the recommendation of a scheme which shall embrace the leading features of the Warner plan for the issue of United States silver certificates on the deposit of silver bullion in the treasury. This plan is to issue certificates in denominations similar to bank notes. On depositing silver bullion, the depositor will receive the market value in these certificates, and the latter are redeemable in bullion at its market value—the government, of course, being the gainer or loser, as the case may be, by the fluctuations in value of silver. For instance, a man deposits silver bullion to-day to the value of $500. He receives a certificate for $500; when he presents this certificate for redemption, he gets $500 worth of silver, at the market value on the day of presentation.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The business condition of the country for the past week remains favorable, and there is a steady, if slow, growth of confidence that we are steadily emerging from the unsatisfactory state of things which has prevailed for so long. The demand for all kinds of cotton and woolen goods keeps up well, and it seems to be conceded that it has all the elements of permanency. The demands for iron is increasing, and this feature adds to the very hopeful outlook in this great industry, and is another confirmatory circumstance in the minds of those who believe that a real turn in the business tide has commenced. The features of the general situation which are least promising are wheat, and Indian corn, and flour, all suffering from depressed prices and a slack demand. Provisions and hog products are dull and steady. Grocery staples continue to move slowly, sugar alone being active and higher.

During last week there were 188 failures reported to Bradstreet's agency, compared with 169 the week previous, and with 180, 136 and 139 respectively in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882. About 83 per cent. of these were of small traders with capital of less than $5,000. R. G. Dun & Co's agency report the failures last week in the United States at 184, and in Canada 19—as compared with 165 last week and 189 the previous week.

The telegraph brings the news of the death of the well-known Emory A. Storrs, of Chicago, of paralysis of the heart. Mr. Storrs was one of the most brilliant lawyers of the day, and had achieved a national reputation. He was also cultivated as an orator, and always drew a large audience whenever it was known that he was going to speak. He was yet in the prime of his powers, with apparently many years of work before him. His sudden death will cause deep regret everywhere.

Hon. John A. Bingham, ex-minister to Japan, arrived at his old home in Cadiz, O., Thursday, after an absence of thirteen years.

The first of the series of three races between the Puritan and Genesta was sailed Monday over the 38-mile course of the New York Yacht club, and the American vessel proved the winner in 16 minutes 19 seconds, corrected time.

There has been little change in the position of affairs in Great Britain during the week past. The liberal party seems to be in a fair way to be divided against itself through the ambition of the two leaders, Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, who are each hoping to succeed Mr. Gladstone. Both, however, unite in condemning anything looking to Home Rule in Ireland, and the recent speech of Mr. Chamberlain, defining the Radical platform in this direction, aroused tremendous enthusiasm, and shows how far away the popular feeling is from allowing Mr. Parnell's programme to be carried out. As yet, the Conservative party has not defined its position upon that question.

The Irish question is now the hinge upon which hangs the English political campaign. The Conservative leaders have so far kept still about Mr. Parnell's demands, including even Lord Randolph Churchill, while of the Radicals, Mr. Chamberlain has made a ringing speech in opposition to them, assuring Mr. Parnell that the Radical party would fight his scheme tooth and nail.

Lord Randolph Churchill makes a distinct statement that the Afghan difficulty has finally been amicably settled, and Russia gives up all claim to the Zulfikar Pass and the hills surrounding. This puts an end to the trouble for the present, but to believe that Russia has laid aside her intention to push her power farther into Asia is absurd. She will simply change the direction of her advance, and when her Trans-Caspian railway is built, and her troops are ready, she will be heard from again, in spite of all treaties.

New South Wales refuses to agree to the plan proposed in the bill which recently passed Parliament for the federation of the six Australian colonies. There is not much doubt but that she is making a mistake, for in spite of the great resources of the country, neither of these colonies alone can make any great stir in the world, while united they can take a stand in the near future among the leading nations of the world, and probably with the independence which they seem to desire. New South Wales will be likely to think better of it, and withdraw her opposition after a time.

Paris newspapers predict a revolution in Spain growing out of the Carolines affair. The people are so exasperated over the quiescence of the government in the German occupation of Yap, and King Alfonso's strong desire for peace, that the end may be a popular rising against the monarch.

In the Caroline Islands, now the subject of dispute between Spain and Germany, there are twelve American missionaries engaged in educational work and supported by funds raised in this country. One-half of the 100,000 people which constitute the population have been induced to give up paganism. Americans own the only steamboat at the islands. Under such circumstances there might have seemed some shadow of sense in the United States claiming them, but it is difficult to see Germany's right.

Peru is still in trouble about her domestic matters. The latest news gives an account of a severe battle at Canta, a place 60 miles from Lima, between a detachment of 500 government troops and a division of Gen. Cacere's revolutionary army which attacked the town. It resulted in a complete routing of the former, a large part being killed and the remainder escaping only by cutting their way through the enemy. The fight was a hand to hand one in the streets during the latter part, the rebels having entered the town and retaining possession of it. No apprehension is felt at Lima by the government troops there, though the revolutionists may follow up the advantage gained by an attack upon that city.

It is pleasant to be able to announce that the cholera mortality in both Spain and France has considerably decreased during the past week. That it has done so steadily gives reason for hope that it will continue to diminish through the autumn.

The international telegraph conference now in session in Berlin has adopted the German proposal for an international telephone system.

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT IN KANSAS?

The following article is from the Marshall County *News*, a Democratic paper published at Marysville, the county-seat of Marshall County, Kansas. The editor was, two years ago, a fierce opponent of Prohibition, and his paper was probably the most pronounced as well as the ablest opponent of restrictive legislation in the State. The article is good enough to be printed in full, and we ask for it a careful perusal:

"Prohibition does not prohibit," neither would "moral suasion" nor "true temperance," nor any other doctrine or policy having or claiming to have that end in view. Nothing ever did—nothing ever will entirely prohibit. Just as long as an appetite can be found that will not be satisfied without a stimulating beverage, just so long some will either secretly or openly keep a place where the stuff will be sold. Prohibition does not entirely prohibit, but in the absence of anything better it helps to make things somewhat respectable. It does not take a very close observer to notice that it has vastly improved Marysville and Marshall county morally, socially and politically. Three to five years ago, our little city supported from fifteen to twenty-two saloons; their bars were crowded continually; frequently the sidewalks in front of these places were blockaded with crowds of drunken men, sometimes quarreling, sometimes singing, always boisterous, always rowdyish and disgraceful. These saloons, although not entirely gone, are reduced to a great extent disappeared. Quite a number of them have been transformed into respectable stores and their proprietors are making more money in other mercantile pursuits than they did at their former occupations. A few are still kept open as temperance and billiard halls, and may occasionally deal out a nip of something strong to an old friend in whom they have faith, but this is done very cautiously, and is in bold contrast with the old style when the amount a man could drink during the day and carry home at night was the measure of his respectability and standing in the community. In politics, too, the change is quite as noticeable. In the former days, the man who desired the votes of our citizens called them together and boasted the fact that he could and would supply the drinks during the campaign. He commenced by inviting the crowd to take something, and the crowd never failed to accept the invitation. The plans for the campaign were always talked over in the saloon, and the deposit necessary to execute the plan was always laid down before work could begin. Now the candidate never visits the saloon, except it be in the night time, and then but little without knowing just who is with him and whether he can rely upon his not giving him away. The power in politics in those days rested with the saloons. Now it is transferred to halls and school-houses, where campaigns are won or lost in debate. Socially the improvement again is noticeable. The man who formerly walked boldly up to the counter and laid down his five cents for a glass of beer, regardless of who might witness the transaction, either goes about it timidly or does not go about it all. The old style of hailing his chum and calling him across the street to "take something" has given place to a precautionary glance up and down the street to make sure that he is not observed, and often the thirsty individual may be noticed passing by the door three or four times waiting for a clear coast free from observation before he enters. This performance of ours don't take all the curse off, neither does it always prohibit the man from going in and getting what he went for, but it curtails occasionally, and more than that, it indicates the dawn of a self-respect that will finally restrain that man and prevent him from making a hog of himself. We notice aside from this, other things that indicate improvement, children are better dressed, and cleaner, some of them wear shoes that never had shoes before, some of them have plenty of food who went hungry before, and mothers are looking happy who never smiled before. Gardens are clean and fences are neat where all was broken down and weeds before. Take it all in all, our liberty to raise the devil and do what we please is not quite as broad as it was before. Yet we cannot see why a little prohibition has not been quite as good for Marysville as the open saloons we had before. One thing is certain: Prohibition is in the constitution and in the statute, and it has to some extent, controlled the liquor traffic; has to some extent restrained its sale and use; has removed a little carelessness; has removed a little squalid poverty, and produced a little comfort, and it may be well enough just to let it alone.

We have nothing to add to this, indeed, nothing is necessary. Prohibition has done for Marysville what it has done everywhere, where any care has been taken to enforce it. It has not done entirely away with the rum curse, but it has stopped the wholesale manufacture of drunkards and has vastly improved the tone of the country. To see exactly what it has done read the above through carefully and without prejudice. It must be something very good that could convert a Democratic anti-prohibition editor in two years of trial. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. The Marysville *News* bears testimony that Prohibition is the only way to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

We ask our regular readers, as well as those who see the Blade for the first time, to read carefully the Publisher Department, on the fifth page. The books, pictures, scales and watch advertised are all worthy of attention. We handle the goods not for profit, but as an accommodation. Purchasing them in great quantities, we are enabled to furnish them lower than can be elsewhere. We warrant everything to be as represented.

The pardon of the infamous Mullen who lent himself to the Democratic ringsters in Hamilton county last fall to aid in attempting to steal the state for the Democrats, has raised a ruction among the mugwumps. They condemn the President's course in the matter. The Springfield *Republican* thus lectures Cleveland:

It ought to have occurred to the Executive that interference with the freedom of suffrage is a crime freely charged to the Democratic party; and that the record of the party on that point is not so clear that it could run any risks in showing sympathy for those guilty of such interference. It ought to have occurred to him that any act of his to suspend the due execution of the law upon those convicted of such a crime would be viewed as a peculiarly representative act. The pardon of Mullen is the strongest point made against the administration on the Ohio stump.

Mr. Hendricks and his brood of Indiana spoilsmen are going to have trouble at home. W. R. Foulke, a mugwump senator in the Indiana legislature, of considerable prominence in state politics, is organizing a State Civil Service Reform association, the purpose of which is to insist upon the enforcement of the civil service rules in all appointments of public officers made in the state. "I have definite information," Sen. Foulke says, "that the civil service law has been and is being greatly violated in the matter of making appointments and removals."

A scientist hitherto unknown to fame, whose local habitation is somewhere in Georgia, has come to the front with a theory regarding the Panama canal, now digging. The Pacific, he says, is 28 feet higher and twenty degrees colder than the Atlantic. The turning of the waters of the former into the latter will change the current of the gulf stream, and so lower the temperature as to wipe out the cotton and rice industries.

The Republican state committee of Mississippi, of which Hon. John R. Lynch is chairman, has decided that it will call no convention of the party this year to nominate a ticket, on account of the impossibility of securing an honest election.

THE WYOMING MASSACRE.

Some thirty or forty of the chief persons concerned in the riots at Rock Springs, in which a number of Chinese miners were murdered by their white-fellow workmen in the same mines, have been arrested for the outrage. The victims were in the employ of the Union Pacific Railroad company as miners, and according to the statement of the officials of that corporation were given employment, not because their labor was cheaper, but on account of the difficulty which had been experienced in obtaining reliable American miners. Both Americans and Chinese were paid by the ton, and the wages were some 30 per cent. higher than those paid at Eastern mines. The Americans being more industrious and skillful than the Chinamen, their earnings have been greater, many of the former earning $100 or more a month.

The accounts given of the affair are conflicting, but the murderous riot seems to have grown out of a disagreement as to which set of miners, the white or the Chinese, had the right to work in a certain gallery of the mine, and this ended in a fight, in which of course the Chinese had the worst of it. With no other provocation than this, the white miners assembled and gave the Chinese one hour to vacate the town. They at once made preparations to do so; but before half an hour had expired the miners marched upon the Chinese quarter, and began their expulsion by violence. A number were shot as they ran; others were burnt alive in the houses, which the white men set on fire; a still larger number are believed to have died of their wounds and of hunger in the mountains above the town. It is estimated that no less than fifty perished.

Another claim is, that the Chinese were employed by the company because they would not join in strikes, and it was felt that the employment of a certain number of them would insure the road against being obliged to stop running its trains because of a lack of coal. But it does not appear that any controversy had arisen concerning either wages or hours of labor, which would lead to the outrage. The massacre appears to have been cold-blooded and deliberate, and the plan of operations covered three separate mining towns or camps. The real origin of this infamy is doubtless to be found in race hatred, which is extremely bitter on the Pacific coast and Rocky Mountain district.

There is but one opinion as to the matter, and that is that the authors of this outrage shall receive the punishment due for this wholesale murder. We may oppose Chinese labor, and strongly favor all laws restricting its importation; but in the matter of the protection of those already here, we are bound, not only by all considerations of justice and humanity, but by treaty obligations as well, to award them equal protection of the law. Our treaty with China, proclaimed in 1881, pledges the American government to "exert all its power to devise measures for the protection" of the Chinese in this country in the same rights as are conceded to the citizens or subjects of the most favored nation or country.

There is a very considerable number of Americans resident in China as missionaries and as business men. These people are all within the reach of the Chinese mob, and it is deterred from violence chiefly by the knowledge that the imperial government will be held responsible and will hold them responsible for the life of every American. But if Pekin can point to such outrages as this going unpunished in America, it is not likely to be very exacting of the local authorities in the matter of mobs against American residents. There is a very plausible report to the effect that all the outrages committed on the Chinese in this country since 1881 have been carefully recorded by the Chinese legation in Washington, and evidence in substantiation of the record gathered, together with a bill for the outrages, will some day be furnished the United States in extenuation of like outrages committed by the Chinese upon American residents in the Chinese empire.

The following table, showing the difference in wages between the American workingman under protection, and the British workingman under free trade, is from the newly-issued report of the Massachusetts bureau of Labor and Industry. The American averages are from statistics of Massachusetts prices:

	Massachusetts.	Great Britain.
Average highest weekly wages to men	$25.41	$11.36
Average highest weekly wages to women	8.57	4.10
Average highest weekly wages to the young	6.94	8.04
Average highest weekly wages to children	4.64	1.05
Average lowest weekly wages to men	7.09	4.72
Average lowest weekly wages to women	4.62	2.27
Average lowest weekly wages to the young	4.26	1.66
Average lowest weekly wages to children	3.09	.60
Average weekly wages to men	11.85	8.26
Average weekly wages to women	6.09	3.37
Average weekly wages to the young	5.10	2.40
Average weekly wages to children	3.81	.79

This shows that the general average weekly wages in Massachusetts is 43.28 per cent. higher than in Great Britain. We commend this table to the careful consideration of workingmen who are in danger of being deceived by free trade sophistry.

Although the President may be in earnest in endeavoring to enforce the civil service reform idea, the latest advices from Washington say if Republican clerks in the departments come home to vote this fall the act will be construed as constituting "offensive partisanship," and those who dare thus to exercise their rights of citizenship will be in danger of official decapitation. It seems to be a pity, looking at the matter from a Bourbon standpoint, that it is not possible, by an edict, to render it a criminal offense for anybody to vote the Republican ticket. Such a proceeding would make things delightfully harmonious.

The labor problem in the South is in a fair way to receive a new complication. A large coal mine in Alabama has commenced to employ Italians. The negro has hitherto been the factor relied upon by all Southern men interested in the industrial development of that section. Cheap negro labor was to enable the South to produce coal and iron at lower figures than Northern mines and furnaces, and render the South the great iron-producing region of America. What the result will be of introducing Italian labor can not be predicted.

The annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee begins in Chicago to-day. The heavens do not seem to smile upon it, any more than upon our fair.

GOVERNMENT LANDS.

The discussions anent the aggressions of the cattle barons on the public domain, and the efforts of the homesteaders to maintain their rights against them, has left the impression on the public mind that the best government lands are already either taken up by settlers or in the hands of the cattle graziers. Though it is true that the title to tracts of land, enormous in the aggregate, has passed from the United States into private hands, yet the intending Western settler can find a wide scope for selection of first-class agricultural land, at prices extremely low.

There are vast areas east of the Mississippi which have not yet passed into cultivation. Minnesota and Wisconsin have an abundance of land yet open. The vast territory of Dakota, covering an area three times as large as that of the state of New York, has not, in its 400,000 population, a tithe of that which it can support in abundance on its farms. Montana and Idaho may not for years, if ever, become populous regions, and yet they contain large tracts adapted to agricultural purposes. A few years since we were accustomed to speak of Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota as the great Northwest, forgetting Oregon and Washington, but this region, nearly as large in area as the New England and Middle States combined, is forcing itself on public attention as a region agreeable in climate and productive in soil. There are also possibilities in Wyoming and California, in Arizona and New Mexico, which have not yet been fully considered by agricultural settlers, but which are worth consideration, while in the enormous commonwealth of Texas there are opportunities of development as yet undreamed of by settlers.

It has also been recently found out that much of the land which the first prospectors rejected as worthless is either productive or is capable of being made highly so. It was not so long ago that on our maps the greater part of the country between the Mississippi and the Pacific was designated as the great American desert. This same territory which was supposed to be uninhabitable has now been found capable of supporting a great population. Nebraska was only a few years since looked upon as a half desert, but the whole state is now regarded to be one of remarkable fertility. The talk about our having exhausted our supply of land is, therefore, foolish. The truth rather is that we have not yet discovered our great west. That our domain is at last realized to be valuable is something, and the efforts made by the government to keep control of what is rightfully and legitimately its own are in the interest of future settlers, and opposed to the grasping greed of gigantic corporations.

Treasurer of the United States Jordan has taken a step which seems to be clearly a violation of the sinking fund act of February 25, 1862. That act provides that the coin received for duties on imported goods shall be devoted, first, to the payment of interest on United States securities; and, second, to the purchase or redemption, each year, of one per cent. of the entire public debt. These bonds so redeemed are to be set aside to form a sinking fund, the interest on which, as it falls due, is to be applied to the redemption of other bonds. The estimate was that the entire debt, under the operations of this law alone, will be paid by the year 1906. Sec. McCulloch's last annual estimate was that the amount required to be set aside for the sinking fund for the fiscal year ending June 30 last would be $47,680,201. It now appears there were set aside but $46,084,310—over a million and a half less than the estimate. And since that time the sums set apart have been much less than McCulloch's estimates. Treasurer Jordan explains this by saying that McCulloch's figures are all wrong, and that his estimates were made on an erroneous basis, in that moneys held in the treasury were included in the amount of the debt. This is a mere technicality. When the fact is remembered that the Democratic members have always been hostile to the sinking fund act, it becomes plain that the public debt will not be paid off as rapidly as under Republican rule. The Republican policy was to faithfully keep every promise of the government, and it was this which caused the credit of the United States to stand so high, and which enabled us to borrow money at unprecedentedly low rates. Democratic "reform" appears to work backward.

Yap, over which the German flag was raised on August 21, which act has so excited the Spaniards, is one of the largest islands of the Caroline group. It claims to be one independent kingdom, and there are on the island 67 villages, each of which is a semi-independent commune. Each island of the group has a native form of government. Kusaie is a kingdom, and Ponape is an oligarchy governed by five princes. Yap is scourged with consumption, while the population of Ponape has been reduced from 30,000 to 2,000 within 30 years by small-pox, which is constantly epidemic there.

A judge in Muscatine, Iowa, in a liquor case brought before him, held that the legal questions raised by injunction proceedings to close saloons, under the prohibitory law of that state, can not be settled until the federal courts have construed the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment to the constitution of the United States, and determined whether the clause prohibiting any state from depriving any person of property "without due process of law" covers the case of a saloonist, deprived of the privilege of selling body-rot by injunction, and not by the verdict of a jury.

The New York *World* is quite bitter against Minister Phelps, the new representative of this country to the court of St. James. The *World* quotes the London *Times* as praising Phelps because he avoids the utterance of anything that can give offense to any political party, and remarks thereon:

It is observed of Mr. Phelps here that he always avoided the utterance of anything that could give aid to his own political party. But this has not won praises for him at home—at least not until Democrats elected an administration which punishes prominence and awards abstinence in honorable party service.

Rhode Island manufacturers have set a good example to the rest of the country. At their late conference in Providence, they adopted exceedingly strong resolutions protesting against any attempt to tinker with the tariff, as it could not fail to be disastrous to the reviving industrial interests of the country.

OUR SEWING MACHINE.

Our factory is entirely finished, and the large force of skilled workmen we have in employ are busy at work on the first 5,000 machines. It impossible to state just when we shall be able to commence filling orders, but it cannot be later than November, and we hope before. In the meantime read the article, "A Domestic Revolution," on the fifth page, and if you want a machine at about half the price the monopolists exact, send us your name and address. You will receive a descriptive circular within a few weeks containing full particulars, and then you may order a machine or not, as you choose.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To be satisfied with less than the best where the rewards are to be obtained by our own efforts is to be reasonably sure of securing a final failure. This is true of either public or private enterprises. All institutions for the benefit of the people are to be founded and conducted upon the idea of persistent and consistent striving for improvement through all their branches.

Our public schools have long been a matter of pride and serene satisfaction to the majority of the people of the United States. That they afforded the poorest equal opportunities with the richest to obtain a good education, that in every city, town and country village the school houses were among the finest of the public buildings, that it was possible for the day laborer's son, by means of the teachings of these free institutions, to become well educated and fitted for positions of responsibility, were facts that all felt could not be disputed. It has only been within a very few years that the conviction of some lack in practical results has led to earnest inquiry into the causes, and brought about the establishment in several cities of a course of manual training in connection with the studies that are usually pursued. Even in so short a time none can doubt the beneficial effects of this new arrangement.

While the system of public school education is far in advance in most respects to the old district schools, which were unclassified and lacking in very many qualifications necessary to excellence, there was one thing in which they excelled, probably because less was attempted and less expected in the way of results. The scholars were generally better grounded in elementary principles. In other words, they could spell correctly, and write grammatically, and they had some ideas about capitalization and punctuation.

That there is a deplorable lack in this respect at the present day, the Blade has ample reason to believe. It has letters from all over the country, hundreds of them daily. They come mostly from the great middle class of people, those who have received their education in the public schools. While many show general intelligence, good common sense, and familiarity with what is going on in the world, the spelling, punctuation, and often the grammar of a majority of them would have put our forefathers to the blush.

Business men who take scholars from the public schools as copyists or correspondence clerks find this same difficulty. It is not to be expected that these youth would know the whole vocabulary, and they may be ignorant of a class of words employed in a certain kind of business, but they should be familiar with those in common every-day use, and they should have some idea of punctuation.

There is some radical defect that causes this weakness at the very root of education. Where there is so much that is good, so much in advance of the rest of the world, so much to be proud of in a system that is for the whole nation, and not for any favored class, no effort should be spared to make it the best from the primary school up to the end of the course. Above all things, there should be no lack in the foundation.

Much interest is excited in astronomical circles by the discovery of a new star in the great nebula in Andromeda. This nebula is the only one in the whole heavens which is fairly visible to the naked eye. It was discovered before the invention of the telescope. The great nebula is also remarkable because of the character of its spectrum. Although the greatest optical power ever applied showed no resolution into stars, its spectrum is unlike that of other nebulæ, which show bright lines, indicating the presence of glowing hydrogen and nitrogen. The spectrum of the great nebula is continuous, like that from red-hot iron, indicating a solid or liquid, or gas under very high pressure. This peculiar spectrum may be a key to the appearance of a central sun in the cloudlike mass; that is, a central sun may be forming in the fire mist in accordance with the nebular hypothesis. If this proves to be correct the event will be one of the most important in the whole history of astronomical research. The only other explanation is that the star is a variable one, with a period of several thousand years.

The centennial of the Temperance Reform is to be held in Philadelphia on the 23rd and 24th of this month, and it is expected to be one of the largest gatherings ever known. Every temperance organization and every church in the land is requested to send delegates. Over 40 historical sketches and papers will be read tracing the progress of the cause, and addresses given by the most popular speakers, including John B. Gough, Miss F. E. Willard, Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler and Gen. C. B. Fisk. It should be a most interesting affair.

Democratic "reform" is a grand thing for the reformers in Texas. The Galveston *News* says 12,000,000 acres of school lands have been lost, stolen or diverted to other uses, making a loss of $25,000,000 to the school funds. The latent hostility to popular education among the reactionaries of the South is well illustrated by this incident.

The position of the President on the civil service reform question is that of the leader of a party adhering to a tenet not believed in by his party. He cannot give his personal attention to one in a hundred of the appointments, and his subordinates will not carry out his ideas, when their own sympathies are, with the mass of their party, in opposition to it.

It is announced that the steel mills of the United States all have orders ahead that will taks them the remainder of this year to fill. Meanwhile free trade England sees not a ray of hope ahead for its depressed industries. Protection does protect.

NASBY.

Camp Fire. He objects to the boys claiming credit which does not belong to them or their regiments, and says that he belonged to a command that never turned back for the enemy.

Thomas Lovett writes to the Camp Fire, but does not give his address. He was born and raised in the South and is a true Southern Republican. He left his home in Alabama and went to Williamsport, Pa., enlisted in Co. K, 7th Pa. Cav. and served faithfully until discharged at Harrisburg, Pa.

Lulu Bell, a soldier's daughter, of Colorado Springs, Col., sends the poem "On the Shores of Tennessee," which was desired by Frank Hunter, and already furnished by other correspondents.

Comrade A. G. McHendrie, Co. H, 5th Iowa Cav., Bellevue is welcome to the Camp Fire. He is in favor of soldiers voting as they shot, and favors Logan as the soldier's candidate for President. In regard to the treatment of Union men in Southern prisons he writes: "Yes, put them in a hog pen, and detail me to feed them for six or eight months. I would feed them good, like they fed thousands of our poor boys when they almost starved them to death. Talk about pardoning old Jeff Davis. I think too much of the dear old flag to do such a wicked deed as that."

A Fighting Regiment's Career.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

Allow me to furnish another Virginia line knot to make our light so shine that others may see we've been there. Yet I hardly dare, for there has been so many disputes about corps, divisions, etc., that I will read the Camp Fire in the future to see who says our regiment wasn't there.

But I will give my word on the honor of a "Vet" that our regiment joined the Potomac army after the first fight in front of Richmond, Va. We were put in the 1st brigade, (Jameson), 1st division (Kearney) and 3d corps (Heintzelman.) We had seen about one year's service before, but had not felt much, therefore our first minie fight was on June 25, 1862. Early in the morning we commenced moving, threw out skirmishers and soon the ball opened. As we were new hands, we were put in the centre of the brigade. I suppose the commander thought we wouldn't stand a flank fire. About this time orders were not to fire, and minies kept coming and some fellow would yell out, "I'm shot," the noise still increasing. I thought, this is war, but where is the enemy? I couldn't see any graycoats. Presently the orders came to charge. Our regiment gave a rousing yell and started on double quick, went about 300 yards and commenced firing as we forwarded. We cleaned out a whole brigade of rebels, took a battery, and when about to cheer, a murderous volley was poured in on our right flank. We doubled up like sheep, tried to return the fire, but it was no go. I looked around for our captain. He was pointing his sword towards Richmond and yelling, "Forward!" But the regiment was going the other way. As the flag was leaving on double quick I thought it my duty to follow our flag through evil as well as good report, and bade farewell to my captain and struck out at a 2:22 gait for the rear. In all our marches my haversack would continually keep working before me as to obstruct navigation, but on this last line I felt free as the wind, light as a bird. I could see the Johnnies closing in on both flanks, but I made the home run, jumped an eight rail fence, plunged in the woods and escaped. The first man I met was one of our company and he asked, "Where is our captain?" "Gone to Richmond," I answered, "and I, even I, only am left to tell the tale."

We were just 25 minutes making the charge, and returning, 22 going and 3 coming back, and we lost 190 men.

J. W. Vandenbork,
Hopewell, O. Late Co. I, 20th Ind.

As to the Benefit of the G. A. R.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

"Private, 129th Ohio," I am sorry to see seems to be sorely troubled about the G. A. R. If he will join an active, good working post and live up to what he is taught there he will learn many things. But he says, "The writer fails to see that the G. A. R. is of any benefit to the private soldier, as opposes the proposition to pension all soldiers. The G. A. R., no doubt, is controlled by those who had the good times in the army." In my own post, of 73 members, in a country town, there are just *three* members who were commissioned officers, and they have no more influence than any other members, and I think there is no post of the G. A. R. in the country where the large majority of membership does not consist of other than commissioned officers, and a comrade's influence in the G. A. R. depends, not on what he was in the army or navy, but upon what he is now. Corporal Tanner, a comrade of the G. A. R. from New York, who left both legs on the field, has just as much influence in the G. A. R. as Gen. H. A. Barnum, or anybody else. Not because of what he was, but on account of what he is. The writer carried a gun and wore the blue for four and a half years during the "late unpleasantness" as private and non-commissioned officer, and had the good fortune to come home "unshattered by wound or incurable disease," and would not object to have Uncle Sam pay him a pension, but "while the mighty procession of maimed and shattered, armless, legless and sightless, the sick, broken, suffering and needy ones, and the widow and orphan are praying the tardy legislation," to do them justice, I say no to any proposition looking to ask a service pension to the survivors of the grand armies that subdued the rebellion.

The pension committee of the G. A. R. made a careful investigation of the whole matter, submitted their report to the National encampment, and were sustained. They asked of Congress very much less than service pensions, but could not get what they did ask. Justice demands that those in greatest need be first attended to, and so long as needed legislation for that class cannot be had, it is worse than folly, it is a crime for the G. A. R. to load that with the demand for a service pension, that will kill any favorable pension legislation for years to come. Another word for "Private." The very large majority of the members of the G. A. R. were private soldiers and sailors, and the control of the whole organization from the smallest Post to the National Encampment rests with the rank and file of the old armies. If he wishes for something different, the road is open, and he can organize his private soldiers as soon as he can get them to join him, but for the large majority of those that fought the war through, the G. A. R. is good enough.

H. A. Tripp,
Bluehill, Me. Sergt 29th Maine.

The Southern Prison Pens.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

I would like to say a word to E. F., of Booneville, Tenn., who speaks up in a recent number of the Camp Fire. E. F. thinks if we did not dwell so much on the cruelties of the Southern authorities to our prisoners that the Camp Fire would be more readable to Southern readers. Just so, E. F.! I don't doubt it, but you must know that those hell holes and Southern prison horrors have no parallel in the world's history. The Black Hole of Calcutta is ashamed of its own weakness in the light of

We ask every reader of the Blade to peruse carefully and without prejudice the article on this page under the head of "Does Prohibition Prohibit in Kansas." The article is from the Marysville (Kansas) *News*, a Democratic paper which was formerly bitterly opposed to Prohibition. It is a clean, clear statement of what Prohibition has done far Marysville, a statement that bears upon its face the impress of the cold truth. Read it carefully, and judge for yourself whether the Blade has told the truth concerning Prohibition in Kansas.

During the year 1884 there arrived at the port of New York 330,030 immigrants. On examination, 1,144 persons were found to be either convicts, lunatics, idiots, or persons unable to take care of themselves without becoming public charges, and were returned to the countries whence they came.

The general tenor of the answer to Sec. Manning's circular of inquiry concerning the workings of the tariff law may be summed up in the sentence, "Let the tariff alone." And now, having this expression from the people, will Mr. Manning have the good sense to take the advice therein conveyed?

The Catholic priesthood of Mexico will inaugurate a crusade against the attempt of the Mormons to establish any more colonies in that country, and public opinion generally is opposed to the introduction of a people who believe in and practice polygamy.

In case of war in Afghanistan with Russia, it is said England has secured the promise of aid from Beloochistan.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President has appointed Mrs. Marian A. Mulligan pension agent at Chicago, Miss Sweet having resigned.——John McIntosh, living near Pittsburg, accidentally shot and killed his mother, while attempting to shoot a cat.——Natural gas was struck at Ottawa, O., at a depth of 145 feet, but not in large quantity. Boring will continue.——Congressman Reed, of Maine, according to a Boston interviewer, thinks that there is absolutely nothing in the President's course thus far to justify the claims made in his behalf by the professed advocates of civil service reform.——There arrived in the port of New York during the year 1884 330,030 immigrants, all of whom were examined by the commissioners of immigration, according to their report to the secretary of the treasury.——According to New York reports the visible supply of wheat in this country is over 42,120,000 bushels, and of corn about 7,700,000 bushels.——Prince Napoleon will start on his tour around the world in October. He will spend three weeks in America, and then visit the principal Oriental countries.——Rose Elizabeth Cleveland had been paid, up to last week, $7,250 for her share in the profits of her book. Her friends think this is less than one-third of what she will realize from it.——Vice-Pres. Hendricks's speech at Indianapolis indorsing Parnell has called forth considerable adverse criticism in London.——A number of white employes of the African association are reported to have been roasted and eaten by Congo cannibals.——The corner-stone of a new city hall, to cost $200,000, was laid at Grand Rapids, Mich.,

Correspondence.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The BLADE does not pay for volunteer contributions of any kind. If poems, stories, sketches, etc., are sent to us, we will use them, if available; if not, they will be returned only if stamps are enclosed for that purpose. We will not be responsible for any MSS., and we will not be responsible for any sent us.

AN OPEN LETTER

To the Rev. Dr. A. B. Leonard, Third Party Prohibition Candidate For Governor of Ohio.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I inclose to you a letter to the Rev. A. B. Leonard. Will you give it as wide a circulation as possible? My purpose is to concentrate the temperance element in the Republican party, drive out or subordinate the Rum element in this party, and through this channel reach prohibition. My influence shall go to "cut" every whisky Republican, and other things, such as loyalty, currency and tariff, being equal, to encourage every true, loyal, temperance Democrat. We must put principle before party, and patriotism before personality.

JOHN V. POTTS.

Pulaski, Williams Co., O.

The following is the open letter to Dr. Leonard. Mr. Potts is a well known minister of Pulaski:

To the Rev. A. B. Leonard:

I am a minister of the Gospel, and as such have a deep interest in the welfare of humanity, and the more freely address myself to you, since I conceive that the course you are taking in the temperance work is entirely wrong. You may be right in principle, right in ultimate result, but wrong in method, wrong in action. It does not become you to neglect the care of souls for an active participation in active party politics. No one ought to call in question your right to be interested in politics, and to take a disinterested part even in party politics. This is not the question. Every true Gospel minister ought to be a politician, in the higher and better sense, so that he may lead his people right. But this is an entirely different thing from being a candidate for some political office. You cannot follow up this campaign without neglecting the care of souls in your church. If you intend to abandon the ministry, and enter upon the field of politics, then you ought to resign your pastorate, and give hen eforth your whole time to the canvass. No man can make a success of the ministry of souls and of the governorship of Ohio at the same time. And you know it, doctor. If you do not know this you are not fit for the gospel ministry, or the governorship. Hence the whole question resolves itself into knavery, vanity or folly. You know you cannot be elected; certainly you do. Then what is your object in running the canvass? It is more boy's play, beneath the dignity of your sacred office, or the office of the state for which you are nominated. Is it to make temperance sentiment? Then your judgment is at fault, for by the position you take you divide the temperance element in the state into a third faction, and prejudice the other parties or their adherents against you so that you fail to get that candid hearing which the cause of temperance demands. It may flatter your vanity to be nominated for governor of the great state of Ohio. Is this your motive? Will you neglect your pastoral duties to flatter your vanity? Do you think this will the better fit you for the care of souls, when the canvass is over? Or do you wish to make the impression (vanity) that you are so great a man that you can run for governor and still attend to your church? I tell you, my dear brother, you are debasing the ministry. Suppose you are elected (but of this there seems to be no expectancy, and I leave you to judge of the wisdom and honesty of spending time, labor and money on that which you do not expect to accomplish. You remember that whatsoever is not of faith is sin] to this office, do you intend to abandon the ministry for the Governorship? Do you intend to abandon the call of God to the ministry, for the call of the state to its chief seat at Columbus? Verily, you must have a low opinion of your sacred calling. Now do you conceive that you are the only man fit for the governorship of Ohio? Oh! insufferable egotism! I knew a man personally, a few years ago, who accepted the nomination for governor of Ohio on this same third party. I asked him if he expected to be elected, and if elected if he could spare the time from the work of the college of which he was president. "No," he said, he did not expect to be elected, but they wanted to keep up the party, make temperance sentiment, and then his getting out and delivering addresses, he was a good advertisement for the college. This was his main motive. The college president was also a gospel minister, accustomed to inveigh against impure motives, or more mildly, indirect methods. So he made a handle of the prohibition party, to advertise his college. "O, consistency, thou art a jewel." Has Dr. Leonard an ax to grind?

Does not the doctor know that this third party, political party, prohibition party, has hindered and delayed prohibition in the state? If he does not know it he is very ignorant indeed. Does he not know that Ohio is prohibition in sentiment by a substantial majority? If he does not know this he is not fit for the candidacy he bears, much less to be governor of the state. The Rum Power knows and dread the concentration of the temperance element. Their only safety is in division. A third party simply adds another division to the temperance forces. And this is a weakness. It will be wiser, more feasible, more hopeful to concentrate the temperance forces in one of the prevailing parties; and I would suggest that that be the party which leans most toward the temperance work, and so in it be the larger temperance element. This, it seems to me, is wisdom. It has been so in the preservation of the union, on the currency question, on the tariff, on temperance, in Maine, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and in Pennsylvania. Other things being equal, it does not matter much what party a man belongs to if he be solid on temperance, which involves ultimate prohibition, if he can be elected to a position where he can and will do something, we know that so far as temperance is concerned, the work is safe in such a man's hands. But with you the cause is different, my dear brother. You may be ready and willing to do the utmost to rid the state and the country of the Rum curse. Suppose you were elected, what would you do? What could you do? You must suppose the voters of Ohio are very unwise indeed. I pray do not go about over the state, trying to mislead the people. Stay at home and attend to the care of souls. If you were elected Governor, you could not make a prohibitory law; that is in the province of the legislature. The Governor is executive, not legislative. Every well instructed school boys knows this. If you wish to quit the ministry of the church and enter the ministry of the state, and would appear as a candidate for representative, then your conduct would seem more consistent. But your present course is an utter absurdity. It is a linsey-woolsey business, and it is weaving backwards, too.

Let us take another view. You want the temperance element to come out of the other parties and vote for you. This is asking a great thing. It is saying that you and your party are more competent to manage the state government than both of the other parties put together, or at least either of them. You must have a clever notion of yourself, indeed.

Suppose this were done; what then? It involves such a revolution in the parties of the state, and such an awaking of the better sentiment of the people, such a concentration of the temperance element among us that would make it absolutely necessary, for any party in power to pass and enforce the most stringent legislation on the temperance question. In that case it would not be necessary for you to neglect the ministry and canvass the state to become governor. Your duty lies in the direction of pastoral and pulpit politics, not in party and state politics. A Doctor of Divinity ought to be able to see this difference, and to make the discrimination practical.

My advice to you, my dear brother, and I speak to you as one in the same calling, is, that you withdraw from the canvass as governor, that you direct your time to the care of souls, that you seek to enlighten and arouse the consciences of the people from a religious standpoint, that you seek to concentrate and not to scatter and confuse the temperance sentiment in the state. Co-operate with the party that can and will, if put in a position to do, conserve the cause of temperance in the state.

What we as Christian ministers should do is, first, to educate the people. Second, awaken their consciences. Third, concentrate their power. Fourth, to direct them to elect temperance representatives, who will pass the needed legislation. Fifth, then to preach earnestly the obedience and enforcement of the law. PASTOR.

A Southern Girl's Observations During a Visit at the North.

A friend in North Carolina sends to the BLADE the following letter, and a copy of the Pittsboro, N. C., *Home:*

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

With this I send you a paper printed at Pittsboro, Chatham county, as you can see. My object is that you may see some extracts from a letter, which I have marked for your convenience. I think it right that you of the North, and of the loyal people every where, should know what certain Southerners say of them. But please bear in mind that every Southern man and woman is not of such material as the writer of said letter. Who the writer is I know not, and probably never will. But I do know, and I thank God that it is so, that there are some as true men and women in the South—true to the Union, true to the flag, and to the cause of freedom, liberty, and the Republican party—as ever breathed the breath of life. X.

The following is the letter from the Pittsboro *Home* of August 20, editorial column:

A NORTHERN LETTER.

A friend has kindly permitted us to make extracts from a private letter written by a Southern girl who is visiting Conneaut, O. It shows something of the feeling that the people there have for us of the South:

"This is a very pretty place, situated near Lake Erie, nicely shaded, and we have had no more than a week of hot weather since we have been here. The climate is delightful, but I wouldn't fancy it in winter.

"We went to see Garfield's tomb in Cleveland, and also saw his funeral car. Soldiers of the U. S. Army marching around both constantly. I was in Cleveland shortly after Gen. Grant's death, and I never saw so much mourning in all my life. The crape dealers had quite a feast. If you could hear how Grant is handled here, you would conclude that the people thought him a demigod. I don't think they ever tire of the Civil War, as they are always alluding to it. Every sermon I have ever heard since I've been here, contained something about slavery, the rebellion, Southern morality, etc., etc. It is really quite disgusting to my Southern ears.

"If a man here has a good-looking wife he is jealous of her all the time. He keeps a half an eye on his business and the other eye and a half on his wife, and it's generally necessary, too."

PROHIBITION AND POLITICS.

Reason Why the Third Party Movement is a Mistake.

The following extracts from a letter, written by Bishop S. M. Merrill, of the Methodist Episcopal church, on the subject of prohibition, are commended to the consideration of prohibitionists of all views:

There are two methods of procedure open to the friends of prohibition. The one is with and the other is without separate political organization. Which is the preferable? Undoubtedly that which promises the permanent success of the cause in the shortest time and with the least friction and asperity. It may be that some cherish the conjecture that both methods substantially can be employed; but this is a delusion. If we adopt the party method we must adhere to it, and make it successful to party methods, or we must fail. There is no such thing as securing the sympathy and co-operation of the great political parties without persuading them to abandon their party affiliations and join the new party which we propose for them. It needs no argument to show that this is an undertaking of such magnitude that generations will be required to accomplish it.

The usual argument in favor of this method is that the separate party organization was successful in the old contest with slavery. This is unsupported assumption. The separate party vote only strengthened the hold of the pro-slavery power, and gave it such assured control of the government as to intensify the contempt it entertained for the opposition. The separate party did not succeed. Providence interposed, circumstances changed, old party lines were disrupted, and the slave power was broken by influences which no man can trace to any separate political organization. The analogy is not complete. The precedent does not apply. The fallacy is manifest. It remains that no great reform, involving moral elements, has ever been successfully carried out in this country through the agency of separate political organization. One of the serious objections to this plan is that it cannot concentrate the temperance sentiment of the country. In spite of fate and good affections it will alienate men by hundreds and thousands whose moral instincts and right and whose influence might be secured for prohibition on any plan that simply appeals to their consciencies as men, as citizens and as Christians.

This battle is too great to be fought by factions. It requires union, wisdom, prudence, as well as courage and persistence.

* * * The Prohibition party in its party organization includes only about 3 per cent. of the prohibition sentiment. The votes it casts will not amount to that much. In the state of Ohio, for instance, under very unfavorable circumstances, the direct vote for constitutional prohibition was 323,000, while the vote for party candidates was about 11,000. This is less than 3 per cent., and the proportion is not better in other places. In such leading Prohibition states as Kansas and Iwa, the ratio is much smaller. It is a mere faction. Its leaders are earnest and zealous, but they do not command the following needed for success. Modesty is a virtue which in itself is not less beautiful because the leaders of this faction fail to cultivate it. It is not to be assumed that wisdom is always with majorities, but it is scarcely to be believed that this very small majority in the ranks of Prohibition have acquired a monopoly of this grace. In the multitudes of the non-partisan friends of the cause there are some whose judgments ought to entitle them to respect; yet in the canor of the politicians all voices are drowned which do not shout the praises of the "management." . . . .

Constitutional provisions should never be made the basis of party organization. The whole people of the state and the nation ought to have the support of patriotic citizens in all parties. The only way to secure this end is to avoid thrusting platforms into the constitution. Prohibition of the liquor traffic cannot be permanent until it is in the constitution, and it cannot go into the constitution as a party measure. It is too broad for a party. Like the fundamental principles of a government, it must be the common ground of the better classes and parties; like the common school system it touches interests too vital to the common weal to be made the football of politicians. Parties divide on interpretation of the constitution, not on the constitution itself. Interpretations from politics, and party issues relate to politics. This is the ultimate battle ground of politics. But there is a realm of principle beyond the conflicts of parties, where the moral character of the government rests upon the foundation of right—where the enduring elements of Christian civilization crystallize in organic law—and to that broader realm of essential right this question of prohibition must come. Another serious objection to the party feature is that it renders it inexpedient and improper for the churches to take the active part in the advocacy of the cause that is desirable.

In a word, then, the writer, after forty years of active work in the temperance cause, and as an advocate of every measure that has seen restriction to the liquor traffic, and looking with grateful appreciation upon the growth of that moral sentiment which promises constitutional prohibition, deeply regrets the efforts to remove this great question from its proper place in the churches, the homes, the schools and the unpartisan gatherings of the people, and its identification with a political party where his own and hundreds of thousands of other voices must be hushed or uninfluential for good. He protests in the interests of the cause itself—a cause which has been sacred to him since childhood—a cause which is higher and holier than any party and broader than any political platform. He would never ask any existing party to adopt it as a party measure, and would never connect himself with a party organization. Hundreds of thousands in both the old parties will vote for prohibition, but will not go out of their parties to do it. Wise management will hold it where appeal can be made to men to support it, regardless of party, on the broad ground of morality, humanity and public utility, remembering that two-thirds of the real legislation of the country is non-partisan in its character, and that it is a mistake to suppose that this great measure must have a political party behind it to make it successful.

INDIANA'S TEMPERANCE LAW.

Prohibition Did Prohibit in the Hoosier State Thirty Years Ago.

Dr. R. T. Brown, one of the veteran temperance workers of Indiana, thus describes the workings of the only prohibitory law ever enacted in that state:

Thirty years ago this summer, Indiana was enjoying a season of absolute sobriety. In all the land, from the lake to tha river, there was not one saloon to be found. This paradisical state of society continued for a period of 148 days, when an edict of the Supreme court unchained Satan and he has been loose ever since. This experiment of prohibition which Indiana made in 1855 was the most successful one that has yet been made. A law modeled very closely after the Maine law, passed by both branches of the Indiana legislature, and received the approval of the Democratic governor, Joseph A. Wright. From its passage till the 12th of June was allowed for the liquor dealers to dispose of their stock or remove it out of the state. The 12th of June was a grand jubilee in Indiana. The people assembled by thousands and by acres in the shade of the newly-leafed groves to celebrate their deliverance from the liquor curse. But the contemporary journals can better describe this event than we can from memory 30 years ago. The Indianapolis *Sentinel*, which had with all its power opposed prohibition in the canvass, said a week after the election: "We had to fight the church, the flesh and the devil; the church in the temperance question, the flesh in the old Whigs, and the devil in the Know-Nothings. The legislature will have the power to pass the Maine law. . . . If the people have decided in favor of the measure, let their will be the law of the land." On the 15th of June, three days after the law went into effect, the local editor of the *Sentinel* said: "The new liquor law has knocked police items into a cocked hat. Not a single item is to be obtained now on account of John Barleycorn." On the 25th of June the editor of the *Sentinel* says: "During the past fifteen days there has not been a single commitment to the county jail for the violation of city ordinances, and in the way of arrests by the city police there is little or nothing doing." On the 12th of July, just one month after the law took effect, the Indianapolis city council reduced the night police force to one-half. Referring to this fact, the *Locomotive*, a neutral paper, says: "The temperance law has nearly abolished rioting, drunkenness and rowdying, and the tax-payers are reducing the city expenses." On the same subject the Indianapolis *Journal* on July 24 says: "The reduction of the watch was on account of the enforcement of the prohibitory law." The *Journal* of August 20 said: "The law diminishes crime, saves money, and empties jails." We find a similar tone in the papers of all parties, and of no party, throughout the state. All testify that the law was thoroughly enforced with the best results on the quiet and good order of society. There was no open resistance to it anywhere, and but little successful smuggling of liquor from other states.

FAR-AWAY CHILE.

A Toledo Secretary of Legation Talks About the Commercial Commission—Chile and the United States—Manners and Customs of the People.

The people of this city have warmly welcomed Clem Carpenter, the recent secretary of the Legation at Santiago, upon his return to this city. Mr. Carpenter is well known among the young men and they have watched with interest his career in the far away land whose products and people he has studied with care, and whose customs have come under his close observation. He is tanned and brown from the long sea-voyage, and looks as happy and hearty as if he never had heard of Cleveland and his civil reform policy. To a BLADE reporter he gave many interesting facts connected with Chile, a land often talked of and sometimes written about, but of which comparatively little is known. Mr. Carpenter is an interesting talker, and his stories of life in Chile are well worth recording.

"It will be remembered," said Mr. Carpenter, "that some time before the close of Pres. Arthur's administration, a commercial commission was appointed to look up trade matters in the southern part of the American continent. Delayed by many causes and hindered along the coast, only two of the members of the commission reached Valparaiso. Out of a large number of members and their wives who started on that memorial expedition, only two, Judge Thatcher, of Leavenworth, Kan., and Mr. Curtis, formerly connected with the *Telegram* of this city now of the *Inter-Ocean*, of Chicago, finally reached their destination in the Chilian republic. Republic did I say? The country is hardly worthy of the term. Military rule is the order of the day and when President

DON DOMINGO SANTA MARIA

saw the unostentatious party of "Yankees" from the North, for they use that term in the same manner and the same meaning as the old slave-holding states did, he turned proudly away from them. His respect for them was not increased when he learned that Mr. Curtis had, in order that the commission might present a more favorable aspect, been created a commissioner by telegraph, whereas he had only held the position of secretary of the commission before his appointment in that manner. Proudly he met them, proudly examined the matter, and it was only after his brain had been racked for excuses that Pres. Don Domingo Santa Maria, which being interpreted is, Mr. Saint-in-the-Marie, consented to receive the two officials.

"This friendly feeling was not increased when it was learned that the officials had just visited Peru. No matter who or what they might be, if they had found anything to admire in Peru, their influence would be lost in Chile. When Pres. Santa Maria was remonstrated with for treating the American strangers in that way, the only answer received was a shrug of the shoulders and the remark, 'Ah, this is a serious government.' Only when they were overpowered with the true dignity and gradeur of this great Chilean republic and the comparative smallness of all existing nations, could the Chilean president consent to make peace.

"And yet Chile is not so large. With a population a little larger than New York and Brooklyn, stowed away in a tract of land stretching along the Pacific coast not over 150 miles at the widest, the folly of the conceit may be easily imagined. The commission, however, might have accomplished more had it remained longer, but the people hardly believe—are afraid of the fact that these Northern dogs were not on an errand of mischief before the commission returned to this country. They do not know what it is to hurry. They have no idea of the uses of the present. To-morrow is their day and they have hardly caught the meaning of this flying visit from the emissaries of the United States. Some of the papers even now believe or profess to believe that the commercial commission was a diplomatic ruse, a plan of the "Yankees" to investigate the Chilian resources, or again it was a scheme of the missionaries to subvert the Catholic religion. But they are now beginning to see their mistake, and they are even anxious and willing to learn from their North American brothers. Still they have not forgotten how the United States interfered with them when they undertook the subjugation of Peru. They constantly revert to

THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS,

and the war with Mexico, and learned and ludicrous editorials are common, showing how the 'Yankees' would like to extend their dominion to Cape Horn. When the United States made some military demonstration on the coast of Panama some six months ago, the papers were indignant, and nothing would pacify them until the Esmeralda was sent up there, too, and boasts were made that they would clean out the whole American fleet. But the Esmeralda ran aground, and they finally concluded to let the whole matter go.

"This Esmeralda is one of the best of their ironclads, and they are quite proud of their navy. They have five well-built, powerfully-mounted cruisers, and they might prove a dangerous match for our navy. In the Peruvian war they were brave and cruel, and many are the tales of woe related by that defeated nation. Of mixed blood, the descendents of the early Spaniards and the American Indians, they have many of the good and some of the bad qualities of both races. They make

SPLENDID SOLDIERS,

and will fight to the bitter end, and proved themselves equal to three times their number in battle. In personal encounter they usually fight with knives and the victor enjoys the privelege of cutting his antagonists' throat. Besides the two races already mentioned, the Catholic Germans are filling up the south, and they are treated kindly, but the government does not encourage the emigration of German Protestants.

"In the matter of trade with Chile we rank fifth, England, Germany, France and Italy preceding us. There are many reasons for this, one of the principal ones being that they have nothing that we want and we have nothing that they want. The only article of importance exported to the United States is guano. It don't pay for them to send wheat, gold or saltpetre, for California yields a plentiful supply of these articles. But there is still another reason

AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS

are slow to yield to their whims, and on that account their goods are not wanted in Chile. On the contrary, the English and German manfacturers would make them anything for money. The native of Chile will not use a two-handled plow. The American said, 'Use a two-handled plow or your old wooden one.' The German at once perfected a one-handled plow and they are now in great demand. They think a sewing machine with a pedal is detrimental to the health, and they will not use it. The American said, 'It don't hurt us and it won't hurt you,' but all reasoning was useless and only a few American sewing machines are used. The English introduced a new machine run by hand and modeled after the discarded machine and the native is highly delighted with the improvement. But they do adopt American ideas. Their greenbacks are made by the American Note Paper company, and $212 in Chilian currency will just buy $100 in greenbacks. It is admitted on all hands that a 'resumption' is necessary and in a successful restoration of the currency the hope of the present war party depends. Only recently Senor Tozo made a strong argument in the Camera, or Chilian legislature in favor of resumption and the question is now receiving widespread attention at the business centers. Another Americanism used is the street car and they have a magnificent system, with fast horses and pretty women for conductors.

"The Chileans seem to be natural warriors. At Valparaiso the almost continual

RATTLE OF MUSKETRY

and roar of cannon can be heard where the drill and practice is going on. Some of their weapons of war would put to shame even those of this country, noted as we are for inventions. On some of their boats they have a very powerful electric light arranged on the principal of the dark lantern. With this they can examine the shores and coasts, and fortifications can plainly be seen. But on matters not directly pertaining to war they are slow to learn and do seem to care to learn. There is nothing of the American about them in one noticeable characteristic. They never hurry. Chile has telegraphic communication with the outside world by a telegraph connecting with Galveston and crossing the Isthmus, but so poor is the management that it was not until some time in December that the news of Blaine's defeat and Cleveland's election reached the coast. The name of the mayor of Cincinnati was telegraphed but when it reached Chile it was tantalizing to attempt to even guess who was meant. But with all of the ideas contrary to

AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS

and peculiar to the Latin race Chile is doing what she can for the advancement of her people. Her influence on South American politics is marked and she is looked up to, much the same as the United States is reverenced here in North America. Struggling toward the light and advancing toward civilization as none of her sister republics are she is deserving of aid and support.

"Two parties centered for the mastery in Chili and they are what their names indicate—Clerical and Liberal—the party of the church and the party of the people. The Liberal party fought the war and is responsible for all of the innovations and improvements made. The Clerical party demands the union of

THE CHURCH AND STATE

and uniformly favors the Catholic interests. The masses of the people are however intensely loyal to the Catholic church, and it would be nothing surprising if the Clerical party should again come into power as the organ of the Catholic church. The greatest question they now have to face is the depreciated currency, and they will have their hands full to effect resumption of specie payments. The Liberal party, being the war party, is also held responsible for the outrages committed upon Peruvian soil. Many stories are told of their cruelty, and they completely stripped Peru of all that was valuable. Pictures and

WORKS OF ART STOLEN

from their northern neighbors fill their halls, and marble statuary literally covers the parks in their principal cities. Jewels, and even railroad iron, for the vandals tore the railroads up and carried them away, fill the cities and towns. Chile has all of Peru's wealth of personal property, and the value of real estate taken in the conquest is by no means small.

"Chile has a tariff but it is very low. Their manufactures have not reached a high state of perfection. They have quick communication with England and the influence of that country over the Chilians is marked. They admire the "mother country" largely on account of her course in the Peruvian war.

ENGLAND BACKED CHILE

in that struggle, and they have not forgotten it, and they despise all who do not follow England's example. Their hatred of the people of the United States is aptly shown by an instance which occurred not long ago. Their papers published a long list of all the earthquakes which have ever taken place in the United States, and tried to show that we are even more subject to this annoyance than they are. It annoys them to think that they have earthquakes and can't get rid of them, and they try to make out that we are even greater sufferers than they are." Continuing, Mr. Carpenter spoke of the return trip and the voyage from the coast of Chile to the United States. This passage he made in a sail vessel, and the voyage proved a very pleasant one. "I shall always look back," said he, "to that voyage as one of the most pleasant episodes of my life. One would suppose that the trip would prove monotinous, but such is not the case. We left the Chilean coast June 15, and sailed toward Robinson Crusoe's island, Juan Fernadez, but did not sight it. Indeed, we did not sight any land from the time we left the harbor until the morning of August 21, when we saw the light at the entrance to the straits of Juan de Fuca. But I enjoyed that trip. It was a constant change, a shifting panorama of events. The boat would be followed by birds for a few degrees, and then another kind would take their place. We would be surrounded by turtles, and sometimes we could see a score or more whales spouting near us. After all, the best of the journey is getting home, and I think all the more of my country and native land for that prolonged absence in far-away Chile."

THE PERILS OF OUR COUNTRY.

Extracts from a Stirring Address by Hon. E. A. Morse, of Canton, Mass.

The following extracts are from the speech of Hon. Elijah A. Morse, before G. A. R. Post No. 75, Stoneham, Mass:

"We are of the rebellion closed twenty years ago, yet it is no time for the patriot who loves his country to fold his hands. Our country is still environed with perils, which it is our duty calmly to contemplate, and "eternal vigilance is still the price of liberty."

Yes, the country is environed with perils, and I am fearful that before another century has elapsed, the man on the lookout will cry out to the pilot of your ship of state "Port your helm, she's on the lee shore, and there are breakers ahead," and the breakers upon which the ship of state will founder, and the republic go down in blackness and darkness and shame, will be two, first, ignorant, disqualified suffrage. (Gen. Butler says suffrage is not cheap enough in this country; I say it is a great deal too cheap.) Second, the power and influence of the grog shops in the cities of this land. Why, do you know that I quote a distinguished author when I say that life and property is safer, that crime is swifter and surer of punishment, and that taxation is lower in St. Petersburg under the absolute monarch of all the Russians than it is in New York city?

When that becomes true of the other cities and towns of our land, that life and property is safer, that crime is swifter and surer of punishment, and that taxation is lower under a king than under a republic, then you and I will vote for a king; but to my mind, one of the hopeful signs of the times, and which may give promise to another centennial for the republic, is the fact that men and women everywhere, are turning their attention to that great concern, which so nearly concerns the spiritual and temporal welfare of our country.

Burke, the great English statesman, said, "when the bad conspire, the good must combine."

2. No danger to my mind deserving the serious attention of statesmen, is the political power and influence of the great monopolies of the country. It is notorious that no measure like cheap postage on parcels, postal telegraph, government railroads, can be gotten through Congress adverse to the interests of the Adams Express company, Western Union telegraph company, Pennsylvania railroad corporation, and other great monopolies.

3. Hordes of barbarians are pouring in upon us from the West, who bring their idols and heathen temples with them; and,

4. Multitudes are coming to these shores from the East, who have sworn allegiance to another potentate, and who have no sympathy with our free institutions and free schools, with the Bible in them, the pillars on which the republic was built.

I am no alarmist, and yet it is a question deserving the attention of the philanthropist, statesman, and patriot as to how far the country can go in incorporating into our body politic these dangerous and hostile elements to a republic. Since history repeats itself, the experience of Spain and France, of the Mexican, Spanish, and South American republics, the most God-forsaken countries on the globe, should admonish us of the foes of a republic, that such cannot exist except upon the basis of universal education, the Bible in our schools being the cornerstone. Woe betide the day when our free schools shall give place to sectarian schools! The days of the republic will then be numbered.

We would not to-day forget our comrades who sleep in unknown graves. Alas, some were buried where they fell, unknelled, unshrouded, unconfined and unknown. You talk of grief when you take down the old family Bible, and amid stories of heavenly love, you read the brief but expressive record, "He was born, he died." But talk not to me of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men.

Four years since I sat by the bedside of a little boy of six summers who was dear to me, and before his death he said, "Papa, I am discouraged now." The patriot sometimes has occasion to say, "I am discouraged now." In times past, the desponding patriot has been wont to obey the words of Webster, and turn his eyes to Bunker Hill, watching the first glimmerings of the morning sun on its summit, and its last flickerings at nightfall, or follow Washington, going into winter quarters at Valley Forge, shedding tears over his little band of soldiers, who marked the snow with their frosty, shodless, bleeding feet; or he has thought of them crossing the Delaware amid cakes of ice on that cold December night, pursued by the proud and haughty Hessians, his little army reduced by sickness, disease and exposure. We think of him kneeling on the other side in prayer to the God of battles (who can make two to chase a thousand, and one to put ten thousand to flight), arising, ordering his little band to recross, boldly attacking and making prisoners of the once proud, haughty and boasting foe. I say the desponding patriot, thinking of these scenes, has felt encouraged. The present or future desponding patriot may yearly turn his eyes to the graves of these men, who died in the holiest cause that ever summoned a people to battle, and as he thinks of the glorious cause for which they died and the victory they won, feel encouraged, and belive that the God of our fathers is still our God.

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

Some Interesting and Little Known Facts About the Camel.

What the sea would be without ships the desert would be without that peculiar animal, the camel. In all the range of natural history, abounding as it does with wondrous adaptations, there exists no grander showing of a creature designed for unique surroundings. Ships are made to order, man having discovered by degrees what were the needs of navigation; but the ship of the desert was constructed before man, in wise anticipation of the needs the ages were to develop. And whereas the bark of the billowy main has been subject to continual improvements, as we may make by simply referring to to pictures and models of the revered Mayflower and her predecessors, in which the great Genoese explorer (in whose debt we are) and Leif the Norseman, son of Eric the Red, made the same goal—not to speak of the initial sailor that cast anchor at last upon Ararat—the camel, this right beast in the right place, was perfected at the very starting point of time, without any exprimenting.

The horse and ox, with all their strength and their usefulness under favorable conditions, would shortly leave their bones bleaching on arid wastes if put in the camel's place, and man, his dependent, would die also, where never sepulchre is raised to mortal remembrance. But here comes Nature's volunteer, and says to those who do business on great sands, "Send me." Let us examine his qualifications.

First, his feet. They are spreading pads divided into wide toes encased in the skin as in a stocking. This operates on the principle of snowshoes, preventing the animal from sinking in the yielding sand. Callosities on the flexures of limbs and chest save the skin from cracking by contact with the heated sands when he lies down or kneels to receive his lading. His nostrils he can close as easily as his eyelids; thus is he provisioned against the deadly simoon. He carries an internal reservoir for seven or eight gallons of water, which he will deal out to himself at the rate of three quarts a day should circumstances require, while exposed to heat resembling that in which the Three Worthies were tried. Sometimes, alas, to keep himself from perishing of thirst, his owner is compelled to kill the beast for the sake of his little store of liquid. As regards food, his natural nippers of teeth clip and masticate to his satisfying relish the tough plants that contend for existence along the desert route; his habit of taking a bite from every dwarf acacia and its kind occasioning many surprises of twisting and jolting to the unaccustomed rider. The amble of a camel is a mixed rolling and pitching which is apt to be ill-appreciated by riders not to the manor born.

When the simoon, or virulent sandstorm, approaches, it is the camel that warns the master. His keen sagacity detects the danger before any sign is visible to man, and with a distressed roar he wheels away from the swift coming current of yellow or lurid gas, which to breathe is death, and plunges his head into the sands. In all haste the traveler throws himself on the ground face downward, with closed mouth, and hands covering his nostrils. Many times even these precautions fail, and this proves the end of life's journey for man and beast. At the best, after experiencing shooting pains and the symptoms of paralysis, the man breathes again, the mysterious deadly vapor having passed in a few seconds, leaving, however, its lingering effects in weakened limbs, dimmed vision, and disordered memory. The strong man of the minute before is reduced to the condition of one just convalescing after a languishing illness. The Arab makes coffee his refuge, the foreigner seeks a remedy in the stronger *eau de vie*. As to the poor camel, his doleful, imploring looks turn to all directions, while he groans his complaints to nature, his kneeling posture adding to the impressiveness of the scene.—*Chicago Current.*

What Can be Done on a Bicycle.

Hartford Times.

After the races Canary came on the track, radiant in a maroon velvet jacket and lavender tights. He showed some wonderful things that may be done with bicycle. Before he got through with his exhibition, no one would have been surprised if he had thrown aside the wheel and ridden around on the air where it had been. His best feats were; Riding with small wheel off ground. Backing with small wheel off ground. Swinging in small circle on the big wheel only. Facing backward and riding forward. Standing up on saddle. Sitting on saddle, the machine being still, and balanced. Machine upside down, mount the big wheel, turn the small one over into place, and start off. Removing the small wheel, ride the large one backward or forward. Lay handle bar on the ground, mount the big wheel, reach over and get the bar, and start off. He succeeded on the third trial and was cheered.

Then he removed the handle bar, leaving only the big wheel which he rode. Next he removed the treadle from the big wheel, and, mounting it, propelled it with his hands. Next he stood upright, hands in air, and rode the wheel. Then he brought out a common wagon wheel, placed his feet on the hub on either side and propelled it with his hands. He closed by laying the wheel flat on the ground, suddenly pulling it upright, springing on and riding away. This was loudly applauded.

A Free Sample.

To introduce Gordon's King of Pain into every family, I will send a sample free to any one sending stamp for postage, etc. It relieves pain as if by magic, and is a household remedy wherever known. Agents wanted everywhere. Address E. G. Richards, sole proprietor, Toledo, O.

A joint conference was held in Cleveland between representatives of the City of Cleveland rolling mill company and of 3,500 strikers, for the purpose of trying to effect an adjustment of the troubles. The company declined to withdraw the 10 per cent. reduction, and negotiations ended.

A Domestic Revolution.

The Sewing Machine Oppression.

Something of Interest to Every Family in the Land.

Sewing Machines at Fair Prices

Every reader of the BLADE is asked to read the following carefully:

The middle-man system of doing business is costing the people of the United States millions of dollars annually. A piano, organ, sewing machine, reaper or mower costs the user at least three times what it should, owing to the method by which they are sold. The inventor and manufacturer gets only a fair profit, but there comes in between them and the consumer three parties, all of whom must have their profit, viz: the general agent, the district agent and the canvassing agent, whose percentages run up the cost of the article three to four times what it should be.

This is why a book that costs a dollar to manufacture cannot be sold to the person who wants it for less than $3.50, and the same rule applies to everything.

The Blade Company has watched the course of business in Sewing Machines carefully for years. There is not a woman who uses a Sewing Machine who has not paid at least twice for her Machine that she should. She has not paid the inventor or manufacturer exorbitant profits, but she has paid three middle men extravagant profits.

To remedy this exaction as far as possible, the Blade Company has determined to manufacture a reliable Sewing Machine, and to sell it direct to the user without the intervention of agents or middlemen of any kind or description.

We have secured the patents of the latest and best Sewing Machine, which we consider the best made. It is entirely simple, absolutely reliable, and cannot, get out of order or do inferior work. It will sew any kind of material from the thinest muslin to the thickest leather, and possesses features superior to any machine now in use.

The BLADE warrants every one of them, which is a guarantee that ought to be satisfactory to anybody.

This machine we shall manufacture in a style as good as any on the market. The machine will be Nickel-plated, the bearings all of steel, hardened, and the machine ornamented as handsomely as any sold anywhere, by anybody. It will be in all respects a first class machine, not only in appearance, but in actual work.

We shall sell it direct to the people. The price has not been determined as yet, for we do not know, precisely, the cost of manufacture, but it will be less than half what is exacted for other standard machines.

The only cheap machines that are now on the market are old machines rebuilt, or new ones made on patents that have expired. While all will sew, none of the cheap machines sold are worth having for they do not have the latest improvements. The Blade machine will have all the improvements, and will comprise all the appliances for every variety of work. It will be the most durable, the easiest operated and the most reliable machine made.

The object of this announcement, before we have any machines to ship, is to call the attention of the public to what we shall do, and save those contemplating the purchase of a Sewing Machine the necessity of either paying a high price or being swindled by cheap and imperfect machines.

We shall be ready to ship bamachines out the first of October. The price will be somewhere from $16 to $18, cash in our counting room before the machine is shipped. We do this for the reason that we will not pay rent, interest, commissions, or have any bad debts to saddle upon honest people who do pay. We shall make the machine as cheaply as possible, to have a good machine, and shall sell it at a small advance upon cost, directly to the user. To do this, the business must be cash, and no commissions to middlemen.

This machine has never been offered in connection with any newspaper offer. It is an entirely new machine, built upon an entirely new idea, which has been tested thoroughly, and well. The BLADE warrants it to be all that is claimed for it.

To properly understand this matter we state that it costs the user of a middle-priced machine $32 to have the machine sold to her.

This we shall save to the people.

The Wheelers, Howes, Singers, and other manufacturers of sewing machines have amassed millions upon millions of dollars each, but with all this they have not brought the price a to point that enables one woman in five to own a machine. We propose to have the other four have machines, and better ones than have ever been placed in the homes of the people. This is our mission in the matter of Sewing Machines.

We have built a factory, 200 feet long, and shall have by the first of September 50 men at work, with the best machinery built by ourselves, and our product will be sold to the people at cost with a reasonable percentage of profit added. No middle man will get a penny—what they have exacted heretofore the people will have the benefit of.

Those contemplating the purchase of Sewing Machines, who approve of this plan, will send us their names. These names will be filed in the order of reception, and, when we are ready, descriptive circulars will be mailed. If, after this, the machine is wanted it will be sent on receipt of the price. Those applying first will receive the descriptive circulars first, and their machines first.

The BLADE will send with each machine a written guarantee, and will take the machine back and refund the money paid if it is not in all respects precisely as represented.

Address, the Blade Sewing Machine, Toledo, Ohio.

Publishers' Column.

WHO WANTS TO MAKE A LITTLE MONEY?

Almost anybody can make a few dollars selling our portrait of Gen. Grant. Write to the BLADE for terms. It is the best portrait ever printed, and sells at sight at a good profit.

TO CANVASSING AGENTS.

Agents usually order our Grant portraits in lots of 100 or more. Parties who live in small towns and wish to try a small number first, will please write us for terms in small quantities. Agents are having large sales of this picture, which is the best by far of any Grant portrait in the market.

THE BLADE'S PREMIUM LIST.

Books, Pictures and Watches.

We publish five books, as follows:—

"NASBY IN EXILE,"

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice Address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper. Write PLAINLY. Do not interline. Write BRIEFLY.

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

XLVI.

I have now come nearly to the end of this series of papers. Not that the subject is exhausted, or that I have touched upon all the varied employments in which women are to-day privileged to engage, but I have shown the entrance way to the principal nes, and suggested many that do not need special preparation. I have not enumerated all of the professions, but very much the same steps for requirement are necessary in each case, and the after success depends upon the individual.

One more there is, however, about which I have something to say because it so equally combines the hope of great returns, with the danger of irretrievable ruin, and so many women are won from simpler and safer work by its dazzling promises. I mean, of course, the stage. The number of those who believe themselves possessed of a talent which will bring them both money and is increasing year by year. Success glory in amateur acting, or the possession of good elocutionary powers, is taken as certain indications that they have only to step upon the regular stage to assume a prosperous future. But it is often they who are the most brilliant amateurs, who make the most disastrous failures, and a most excellent elocutionist will be a poor actress.

I do not mean to say that only one with a great genius can win any degree of success. On the contrary, there are many thorough, careful, pains-taking women who do more than well upon the stage, earning a good living and a fair reputation in their profession. But in every case they possess qualifications that adapt them to certain lines of work; they are physically robust and able to endure great fatigue, irregular hours, and an uncertain diet. If it be otherwise, they soon break down, mentally and physically.

Nor is the life of those who are "stars" so full of pleasure as it appears to the aspirant for the same honors. There is a subtle fascination in the possession of the power to sway an audience at will, to move it to tears, to call forth a tempest of approving plaudits, but such a woman knows no home life. She has never an hour during the "season" to devote to family or friends, her nearest and dearest may be dying before her eyes, but she must go before a public which will resent tears that are flowing for real grief. "Maggie Mitchell," one of the most successful of American artists, says of her life:

"It would be bold for me to pretend to decry the chances of success for the actress of the future. It is a lottery, this profession of ours, in which the prizes are, after all, not very considerable. My own days, spent most of them far from my children and the comforts and delights of my home, are full of exhausting labor. Rehearsals and other business occupy me from early forenoon to the hour of performance, with brief intervals for rest and food and a little sleep. In the best hotels my time is so invaded that I can scarcely live comfortably, much less luxuriously. At the worst, existence becomes a torment and a burden. I am the sweater, yet weary slave of my profession, and the best it can do for me—who am fortunate enough to be included among its successful members—is to barely palliate the suffering of a forty weeks' exile from my own house and my family.

"For those of our calling who have to make this weary round year after year, with disappointed ambitions and defeated hopes as their inseparable company, I can feel from the bottom of my heart. Each season makes the life harder and the prize, each year robs it of open prospects, one more chance, one more opportunity to try and catch the fleeting bubble in another field."

I am not trying to discourage any of you who have a real gift for this profession from entering its ranks—for it is as legitimate as any other—but I want you to be sure it is yours. Unless you are very certain of this, and can make up your mind to study hard so long as you remain upon the stage, to give up all hopes of a home life, to do any amount of hard work, and to meet many unpleasant happenings, you would be wiser to choose some other road to fortune and to fame, for it certainly does not lie in that direction for you.

I have said nothing about the temptations that will cluster around your path, especially if you are successful. They are probably no greater than those which are met by attractive women in any occupation which brings them before the public. Very likely this will be disputed by people who regard the theater as the open mouth of eternal destruction. They may tell you that a pure woman upon the stage is unknown, but that is not true. There are many there who have all of the virtues of womanhood, and hold them as bright and unsullied as their sisters who dwell beneath their own roof tree. That there is danger in a life of excitement which has no fixity cannot be denied, but so much the more must she who enters it be upon her guard about the acquaintances she makes and the attentions she receives from those of the opposite sex. It is not at the theater itself where, if she be thoroughly in earnest, her thoughts are occupied entirely with her work, but in her moments of relaxation that the danger may arise.

One reason for so many failures among those who attempt to become actresses is that they will not go through with the severe training which is requisite. They do not want to begin with the subordinate parts and work up, but expect to jump at once into the front rank by reason of transcendant genius. As a natural result they fail utterly. Lacking the wings to fly to the top of the ladder, and the will to climb rung by rung, they must remain groveling at the foot.

Putting this idea of suddenly acquired fame and fortune away, if you have a moderately prepossessing appearance, a vivid imagination, an artistic sense of beauty and fitness, the faculty of forgetting self in the character you represent, an enthusiasm for your art apart from successful results, and there is no question but that you will be able to make a good living upon the stage, and perhaps achieve a brilliant reputation. There never was a time that it offered so many opportunities to young women as now, when every city and town of any size has its opera-house for the use of theatrical companies, and all kinds of entertainments.

Concerning further qualifications perhaps I can do no better than to quote Madame Modjeska. She says:

"There is no greater mistake than to suppose that mere professional training is the only necessary education. The general cultivation of the mind, the development of all the intellectual faculties, the knowledge how to think, are more essential to the actor than mere professional instructions." The same opinion as to the necessity of a good education is expressed by all successful actors.

Lessons in elocution are said by those who should know to be of little use in preparing for the stage, but all actors and managers unite in advising novices to get their training by taking the minor parts and going step by step to the more important ones. It is possible that at first you might not be required to say one word, or at least, not more than a sentence, but if you take your character well, you have scored a success, and can reasonably hope to advance further. The salary for "utility business," as the sort of parts where only a few words are to be uttered is called, ranges from $12 to $30 a week. Where the beginning is made as a "ballet lady," meaning one of a group in a ball room or party, you get from $5 to $7, depending entirely upon your beauty. As you progress your salary will be increased with your popularity. You must remember, however, that your expenses for costumes are always large, so that what may seem at first a big sum of money may really net but a small amount.

I cannot tell you how to gain even the minor situations in any other way than by personal application, or through some influential friend. Be sure that you go to some reputable manager, as it would be far better to take a more subordinate place in a good company, than a leading part in a poor one. EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Pen Wipers.—Cut a piece of cardboard 10 ins. long and 4 ins. wide. Cover the outside with black satin upon which you have painted or embroidered a pretty design, or work an initial in gold-colored silk. Line this with dark blue or cherry colored silk. Now fold this together and punch three holes through the back. Overhand them neatly with black silk. Cut pieces of chamois skin 4½ ins. long and 5 ins. wide. Cut three sides into small points with your scissors and on the fourth punch holes to correspond with those in the cover. Run a ribbon through these holes to hold the leaves in and tie in a pretty bow upon the upper side. When the leaves are soiled new ones may be put in.

A Pretty Stripe for Rag Carpet.—Four threads of black in the center of the stripe, 4 threads seal brown, 6 threads dark or red brown, 4 threads very dark red, 4 threads red (the usual shade in flannel), 6 threads orange, 4 threads yellow, 2 threads white, 4 threads blue or drab, 6 threads green. Both sides of the stripe are filled out in this way, and between the stripes a broad band of bit and miss, in light and bright colors. I colored the rags for part of mine with Diamond dyes. The rest I had already. It is very rich.—NEWCOMER.

The terms used in crocheting were explained in the BLADE of last year, but the following is inserted in answer to some requests lately. Of course these are the most simple stitches.—ED.

Terms Used in Crochet.—Chain stitch begins all work, and continues to draw the thread through until the chain is long enough.

Single Crochet—Keep one loop on the needle; put the needle into the first stitch and draw the thread through it and the loop at the same time.

Double Crochet—Put the needle into the first loop of the work, and draw the thread through, and then through both loops together.

Long Crochet—Catch the thread around the needle before you put it into the work, draw the needle through the work, then through two loops, then through two loops again.

Fancy Stitch—First make a chain of stitches as long as you desire; then throw the thread over the needle; take the third nearest stitch to the needle; throw the thread over the needle, pull it through the loop, throw the thread over again, and pull it through the nearest two loops on the needle, and crochet the remaining two loops off in the same way. Make two more stitches in the same loop in the same way.

Then take up the third loop in the chain, counting from the loop holding the three double stitches, and then throw the thread over the needle; then pull the thread through it, and the loop on the needle at once to fasten the shell thus made.

Then make a chain of three stitches; throw the thread over the needle; pass the needle through the first stitch of the last shell, and make three double stitches in this loop; make the single or fastening stitch in the third stitch in the chain from this stitch.

Then make a chain of three stitches, and proceed all along the chain in making the chain of the three stitches, a shell of the three double stitches, and the single fastening stitches in the manner described. When at the end of the chain make a chain of three stitches, then the work, and take up the third stitch in the shell of the three double stitches, last made, and pull the thread through to make the fastening stitch. Then make a chain of three stitches, throw the thread over the needle, and pass the needle into the nearest loop formed by the chain of three stitches in the first row; make three double stitches in this hole; then make a single stitch in the third stitch in the next shell; repeat this to the end of the row. Turn as before, and proceed all through the line and all through the work, as in the first row.—A SCHOOL GIRL, Spring Valley, Col.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, two threads over; o, bind; o, over sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch sp, chain space; double trouble stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed trouble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

New Leaf Edging.—Cast on 29 stitches. 1st row—k 18—n—o—k 1—o—k 1—o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—o—n—o—k 2; 2d row—k 6—o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—o—k 1—p 3—p 2 tog—p 14—k 3; 3d row—k 16—n—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 2—o twice—p 2 tog—k 2—o—n—o—k 2; 4th row—k 7—o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—p 5—p 2 tog—p 12—k 3; 5th row—k 14—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 3—o twice—p 2 tog—k 3—o—n—o—k 2; 6 h row—k 8—o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—p 7—p 2 tog—p 10—k 3; 7th row—k 12—n—k 3—o—k 2—o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—o—n—o—k 2; 8th row—k 9—o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—p 9—p 2 tog—p 8—k 3; 9th row—k 10—n—k 4—o—k 1—o—k 5—o twice—p 2 tog—k 5—o—n—o—k 2; 10th row—k 10—o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—p 11—p 2 tog—p 6—k 3; 11th row—k 8—n—k 5—o—k 1—o—k 6—o twice—p 2 tog—k 10; 12th row—k 10—o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—p 13—p 2 tog—p 4—k 3; 13th row—k 6—n—k 6—o—k 1—o—k 7—o twice—p 2 tog—k rest plain; 14th row—k off 5—k 4—o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—p 15—p 2 tog—p 2—k 3; 15th row—k 4—n—k 7—o—k 1—o—k 2; 8th row—k 3—o twice—p 2 tog—k 5; 16th row—k 5—o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—p 17—p 2 tog—k 3.—M. B.

Leaf Edging.—Cast on 14 stitches. 1st row—widen (which means thread over) k 1—w—k 2—n 2—k 2—w—n—w—n—k 1. Every alternate row seam across, slipping first stitch. 3d row—w—k 3—w—k 1—n 2—k 1—w—n—w—n—k 1. 5th row—w—k 5—w—n 2—w—n—w—n—k 1. 7th row—w—k 3—n—k 2—w—n—w—n—w—n—k 1. I think this is correct.—ADDIE.

Correspondence.

MORE HYGIENIC NORMAL NOTES.—The necessary brevity of my account of the W. C. T. U.'s Hygienic Normal in North Carolina, I fear has given an erroneous impression concerning the teachings given by Dr. and Mrs. K., since it seems that a correspondent of the HOUSEHOLD saw in it indications of starvation and a want of common sense. It is my impression that but one substance, used as a staple article of diet by our people, was wholly condemned, and that, one prohibited by the law of long ages ago. Without proper sanitary regulations it would have been impossible for the Hebrews to become that great nation which the Lord designed them to be, hence it was not His plan that a scrofulous tendency, generated by eating swine's flesh, should be handed down from one generation to another. The derivation of the word "scrofula" points to the cause of the disease, "scrofa" being the old Roman word for "son."

It is unnecessary to speak of the prevalence and fatality of scrofulous diseases in our own country; they are, alas! too well known to all of us. If some epidemic should suddenly make its appearance upon our shores causing as much destruction as these scottish Anglo Saxon for "scrofulous") diseases that are continually in our land, we should go wild with fright. The thought of the incurable trichina malady does indeed send a chill of terror through eaters of hog. Still the damage to the human race from this last source is comparatively insignificant, where trichinosis slays its hundreds, scrofula—in its various forms—slays its thousands.

But I did not set out to write a dissertation upon roast pig. Prepared in any way, he is most emphatically condemned as an article of food for man, by the most enlightened sanitarians of the present day. But it does not follow that any one should starve; our fields yield abundance of wheat, and upon a diet of wheat, we are told the old Romans fought and marched and conquered the world.

Wheat contains all the essential elements of food—the nitrogenous, the carbonaceous, and the mineral—just in the right proportions, more nearly than any other known article. It is only when some of the best portions are taken away and little besides starch remains, as in fine white flour, that it becomes an inferior article of diet, and there might be danger of starving if nothing else should be eaten. But as highly as the preparations of the whole wheat were extolled, I think no one at the Hygienic Normal conceived that it would be best to try to live upon bread alone, not even Graham bread. To the question, "What is the best meat to eat?" the reply was beef probably is best, and chickens perhaps next best; but only chickens that subsisted upon clean food, such as were kept in a clean enclosure and not allowed to frequent the barn yard or any other place where they might pick up filth. And then there are our delicious fruits; not a word was spoken against them. It was only stipulated that they be ripe and not decayed. With the great variety and abundance of our orchards we have no thought of starving. Vegetable gardens too continue to be cultivated, and when Mrs. K's. cook book is completed, so that we may know the best methods of preparing all these things, we hope to fare hygienically, as well as sumptuously at the same time. Cornbread largely used in some parts of the South was not forbidden, although said to be inferior to whole wheatbread, from the larger proportion of fatty matter contained in Indian corn. This section being a wheat-growing region, cornbread is not so much relied upon. When I wrote that the ladies at the Hygenia Normal passed merry jokes about being forced to subsist upon a meager diet for the time being, I neglected to say their loss of appetite was caused mostly by the unwholesome methods in which, as they learned, their meals were prepared, and not that all the articles usually served upon their tables were *per se*, unfit-for-food. Milk, butter and cream are still to be eaten, provided the cow is properly kept, and the milk kept pure and sweet, free from taint and decay. A slop-cow should no longer command a high price. Let the milk be milk, not the contents of the garbage barrel distilled through a cow. Skippery cheese, however, was not recommended. Toasted cheese, also, was declared to be very difficult of digestion. By the way, cream is recommended above butter; it being so difficult to obtain the latter in perfectly sweet state, it so nearly always is somewhat rancid—partially decayed. Then, it should not be eaten in a melted state, but is best taken upon cold bread. This, as well as all the other hygienic methods that were advocated by Dr. K., he backed up with a scientific reason. He began his lectures with the anatomy and physiology of the digestive organs, giving the special uses of each of the five digestive fluids. The bile he called the "soap maker" of the body, the fluid that digests the fats. So that if every particle of food is not inclosed in a casing of fat it will be obliged to pass undigested through the domains of the saliva and gastric juice, because these cannot digest fats, so when the bile comes in contact with and removes the fatty covering the saliva and gastric juice have been passed by and their work will remain undone, and the food consequently be only partially digested. For this reason fried articles are prohibited. Hot milk was proposed as a wholesome substitute for tea and coffee. Not boiled milk; boiling the milk makes free fat, hence is liable to the same objection as melted butter. Many people, it has been found, can take hot milk who can not take it cool.

But this article doubtless would become too lengthy for the HOUSEHOLD should I attempt to give in all its details the dietary teaching that was presented at the Hygiene Normal. Similar views are held by many intelligent people throughout the northern states, and are put in practice at various sanitariums and health resorts. Besides, the market abounds in publications—Health Journal, Tract, and Medical Treatise—setting forth the methods of healthful living and going against the drug remedy for disease. Anyone who wishes to learn more of these new methods, if they be new, can easily obtain the desired information by spending a few cents upon some of these health publications.

Dr. K's. lecture upon hygiene and dirt was founded upon the "germ theory." Dust, dirt and decay everywhere are dangerous, because of the "germs" they contain. The house-fly feeds upon them, so that if flies abound, it indicates that germs also abound. Carpets are undesirable because they harbor germs amongst the dust which at every sweeping fills the air of the room and lodges upon the furniture, and in every niche and cranny, to again be blown into the atmosphere of the room by every puff of wind that comes in at door or window, and so be inhaled by the inmates of the house. But we did not once get the idea that the remedy for "germs" was to shut sunlight and air out of the house. A lecture upon ventilation was on the programme, but there was not time for it in the two days that Dr. K. stayed. The lecture upon hygiene and dirt, which is published in pamphlet form, includes mold upon the walls of worms. Houses have leprosy, as in Moses's time, is the doctors way of putting it, and goes on to prescribe the same remedies. The lecture was especially prepared for the climate of Michigan, where perhaps the houses may be subject to attacks of leprosy, but owing to our dry atmosphere, superior facilities for ventilation, and abundance of gloriously sunny days, our walls are not infested with the mold plant. I never saw upon the walls of any house those patches of mold that he described.

Should any of the HOUSEHOLD contributors visit the country homes of this beautiful hill region of our state, they would find that North Carolina women have no prejudice against sunlight and fresh air. They would find upon a clear day the windows wide open and doors propped back, invitingly alike to the visitor and the life-giving sunbeams. The farmers' wives and daughters engage largely in outdoor pursuits, and the supply of sunshine and fresh air is unstinted. They cultivate both flower and vegetable gardens, milk the cows, feed the calves and pet lambs, and at this season are diligently engaged in caring for the products of the heavily-laden orchards—drying, preserving and canning fruit.—CAROLINA.

CALIFORNIA WORKERS.—Doubtless many readers of the HOUSEHOLD were puzzled at the directions at the close of the article in the working classes of California, set forth in the BLADE of June 11. It must be remembered that this is a state of "magnificent distances," being 750 miles long and 240 miles broad, and embracing mountains and valleys, deserts, forests, and fertile plains—with every grade of climate, from the torridity of the extreme southeastern portion of the state to the coldness of the high mountain peaks whose crowns of snow is everlasting. So it is impossible to speak of California as a whole, for what is perfectly true in one section may be quite incorrect in another. I have no doubt that in mountainous and certain sparsely populated districts wages are low, and "poor people have to work hard for a mere living." But I know that in Southern California, and especially in Los Angeles county, there is a demand for active, able-bodied workers, both men and women, at good wages.

It is assumed that the population of this county is increasing more rapidly than any other part of the Union—exclusive of the large Eastern cities. In addition to the regular travel several excursion parties arrive monthly in Los Angeles, mainly composed of persons who have come to make a permanent home in the county; and each fall the population is still further increased by thousands of strangers who remain for the winter. All these people must be housed, and fed, and clothed. Assuredly, there is plenty of work to be done.

I would like to tell you of a man who came here from the East several years ago with his wife and two children, having but two or three hundred dollars. He was an intelligent man, a machinist by trade, but also a fair carpenter. He went to a new settlement a few miles from Los Angeles, bought a little piece of land on time and put up a redwood cabin on it to avoid paying rent. When he could not get machine work to do he tried carpentry. If that failed he hung paper, or did painting or whitewashing. If there was any sort of honest work which he could do that would pay him fair wages he made it a point never to be idle. He kept a cow and chickens, and raised his own fruit and vegetables. As time passed he paid for his place, built him a house, educated his girls, and is to-day in comfortable circumstances simply because he did not hold himself above any kind of work, and gave good value for the money he received.

The climate of southern California is delightful, and the mountain scenery is grand beyond description; but one can not subsist wholly on climate and scenery. Therefore, people of limited means who are casting a longing eye toward this balmy land where flowers blossom and fruits ripen the year round, would do far better to remain in the east unless they are willing to do whatever work they can find here until they have established a reputation for efficient, intelligent labor. With that reputation once established, there will be no lack of employment.—ALICE P. ADAMS, Alhambra, Los Angeles Co., California.

The above letter should have appeared before, but owing to a mistake it did not. Many of the BLADE readers will remember the writer's former excellent communication.—ED.

Inquiries.

If a teacher should fall in love with one of his scholars would it be proper for him to court her, or for them to pass letters to each other during school time or intermission? Is it proper for a young lady to give a gentleman his supper when they are "sitting up?" If so, what should she say before serving it? MADGE CLEFTON.

It would be proper for him to pay her all the attention that she is willing to receive, but it should certainly all be done away from school. While there he should treat her exactly as he does other scholars.

If by "sitting up" is meant spending the evening with the young lady, there would be no breach of etiquette in offering him some slight refreshment, but to serve a regular supper would be decidedly out of place unless he had taken a long ride, or a walk of several miles. It is said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but it is not wise to try to take it by storm.—ED.

What will remove a flesh mole?—BUM.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD readers give directions for crystallizing grasses for bouquets?—ETTA.

This process has been given in the BLADE but it was some time since, and we should be very glad to have some member write a clear, concise description.—ED.

Would some sister of the HOUSEHOLD please give me a recipe for spiced apples?—MRS. LION, Sandy Valley, Jefferson county, Pa.

Will some of the BLADE readers give a remedy which will destroy the long, round worm which are so troublesome to children, and even older people: A remedy which has no cathartic properties?—L. M.

Will any one of the HOUSEHOLD send me directions where I can get silks and velvets cheap, for crazy silk quilt?—MISS LAURA SMITH.

Look at advertisements in the BLADE. Unless you know of some millinery store where you can purchase them at a low price, you will have to trust to such advertisers.—ED.

Can any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD Department tell how to weave straight hair for false fronts?—DELLA ATWOOD.

Will some one give me a cure or relief for bunions?—V.

Can any one of the HOUSEHOLD tell me through the columns of the BLADE where I can get Decalcomania paintings for silk and satin?—MRS. P. L. LANWENG, South Arm, Charlevoix County, Mich.

You will find such things advertised in papers devoted to art subjects and fancy work.—ED.

Will some one through the BLADE tell me where seed of the striped maple, known as moosewood and striped dog wood; and also the garland flower (daphne cneorum), can be obtained?—E. L. STARK, Slaughter, King county, W. T.

Can you give me the address of a reliable purchasing agent?—J. M., Woodbine, Ia.

It is utterly useless to send such questions, as the answers would involve free advertising.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

There are several things I wish to to tell the HOUSEHOLD. First to "Grandma," July 30. I had an aunt who was a sufferer for eight years from chronic diarrhea, that was permanently cured by the simple and persistent use of "Peru tea." The ferbes can be obtained of the druggist. The tea is pleasant to take and can be prepared to suit the taste, as other tea is seasoned. It is an invaluable remedy for family use, in cases of ordinary summer complaint. Children will take it readily with good results. The best standard remedy I ever knew for emergencies is the renowned "Cholera Mixture" prepared as follows: Mix equal parts of spirits of camphor, tincture of rhubarb and laudanum. Dose for an adult 30 drops to be repeated as often as necessary. I wonder if all the young mothers know what an effectual cure for chafed places on babies or large children, pulverized tea is. Let it dry up a spell and then wash off. It will dry up a sore in a very few days. I have known of stubborn cases of sore or weak eyes to be cured by the faithful application of an eye water made of pulverized alum and borax, equal parts, dissolved in rain water. It must be strong enough to make the eye smart some, when used, and for bad cases apply hourly.—LAURA E. NEWALL, Pansy, Manhattan, Kansas.

I would say to the sisters that a piece of saltpeter as large as a pea put in your pan of new milk will prevent its getting thick or turning to whey.—S. STEVENS, Elk Lake, Pa.

Please tell "School Girl" to boil an egg till hard, cut the white in four or five pieces, put them in a glass tumbler, fill it pretty near full of water, put in about as much vitriol as will lay rounded up on a dime, stir once in a while for half a day; bathe the eyes once in a while and let some of it get in the eye. It is the best remedy known.—E. HAYDEN.

Tell "School Girl" to rob a bumble-bee's nest, get the honey, strain it through a fine piece of muslin, apply to the eyes twice a day. It is an excellent remedy for any kind of sore eyes.—ERASTUS MURPHY.

If "Vinca" will make her paste with cayenne pepper tea the mice will not eat it.—CORA PEARCE, Kokomo, Ind.

Tell "Vinca" to try putting copperas in the paste used in papering, and the mice are not likely to bother the paper.—MRS. H. G.

In answer to Mrs. "J. Hotchkiss," the kind of net used for darned lace, is called bobinette. I use, instead of floss, coarse linen thread, as it is so much cheaper; get about No. 30, and by drawing it over the blade of a dull knife or shears, it can be made soft, and cannot be told from floss when worked.—MINNIE.

Tell "Homesick" I can send her roots of ground ivy, if she will send stamps to pay postage. I know of no other way. Is she sure she's got a mouthful of fools in the house. I see a few potatoes in the corner, and that's all."

"That's a beautiful rose," the woman said suddenly, as she noticed a rose that Kate was wearing.

"Isn't it?" and Kate handed her a fine Marechal Neil. "Are you fond of flowers?"

"Well, I used to be," in a strangely gentle voice. "My gal Susy she died when she was 'bout your age; she loved 'em powerful. Her pa used to say she liked her posies better than her dinner. I mind me of the very day she died, makin' me bring her a white rose that grew up her winder; and she says—

"Ma, I wonder of the roses up there'll be sweeter than this one. Anyway, they won't fade."

"Ah me! I planted that rose on her grave and I reckon it's a growin' and a-bloomin' in that Mississippi graveyard."

For the first time since she came to L——bad Mary Elwood spoken of the past. While she was speaking she was gazing at the flower, smelling it, and somehow it seemed to break down the wall between her and her kind.

"She loves flowers," thought Kate, triumphantly, as she looked at the tears in the woman's eyes. "Well, I've something to work on now, in the effort to help her."

"I wish we knowed for certain about another world," Mrs. Elwood went on, dreamily. "Susy seemed to be sure 'bout it."

"Susy was right," said Kate, gently. She ould be glad to have given this poor bruised heart comfort, but words on that subject did not come readily to her lips.

"Perhaps. Ah. I've had not much comfort in my troubles! They comed upon me so thick and fast, I jest got numb-like, and jest wanted to go in a corner and die, like a wild beast. Fust Susy died, then my husband was killed in a quarrel 'bout some land. Then James, my eldest son, he tuck up his pa's cause, and shot at the man what killed him, and hurt him bad. They put James in jail, and he died that in a month. Alf and Bob, they went off next summer with congestive fever, and now Lem's gone."

Kate's tears were falling fast at the despair in Mary Elwood's face. "I don't know what made me tell you this," she woman said. "Seip' that rose, I s'pose, made me think of Susy. I can't cry like some, because my heart aches so, I think it dries up the tears. You've been good ter me though, and I don't mind talkin' ter you."

"I'm going to bring you a rose-bush next time I come, Mrs. Elwood," Kate said as she left. "I'll tell you all about it when I come again."

Yes, Kate had made up her mind that morning, that her treasured Damasus rose should pass into Mary Elwood's keeping. She had thought out a plan to assist her in spite of her stubborn independence. The prize offered for the handsomest rose was a gold bracelet, or $25. Mrs. Elwood could not object to money made in that way. But she would be cautious, and say nothing about the exposition until the rose bloomed. The following morning she carried the pot containing her treasure to the woman's cottage.

"My uncle says it's a splendid rose," she said, trying to speak indifferently. "I'm sure you will take better care of it than I do. It's full of buds, you see, and we'll soon see what it's like."

"Thanks," said Mrs. Elwood, more warmly than one had recently heard her speak. "I don't take favors, but a rosebush ain't much for you, I reckon, with a yard full of them."

"If she only knew! If she only knew," thought Kate, keeping down a pang which would rise whenever she thought of her rose. "But then, it's the first time in my life I ever had a chance of doing anything for any one. Maybe the rose may not turn out very fine after all, but I've given my best, and in a good cause."

For a week before the exposition opened, Kate was detained in the country, where she had gone on a visit, by a sharp attack of illness. On her way to the exposition she stopped at Mrs. Elwood's, who came to the gate to meet her, as she descended from the carriage.

"I heard you was sick, Miss Kate," she said, with real solicitude. "I was monstrous oneasy, and you do look white. O Miss Kate, the rose is out! I don't think nobody never saw sich a splendid rose before! Come and look at it!"

The rich perfume reached Kate before her eager eyes fell on the flower. She held her breath, and knelt down in an ecstacy before the beautiful rose. It was of immense size, double, and the intense yellow of the petals darkened towards the center. And such a perfume! Kate closed her eyes, and the fragrance of Eastern gardens seemed wafted to her in every breath she drew. Surely the rose garden of King Shadal, carried invisibly by the desert sands, could hardly have owned a fairer flower.

"It's too beautiful," said Kate, rising from her rapt contemplation. "And now, Mrs. Elwood, I'm going to ask a great favor of you! Let me take this rose to the exposition! I think it will win a prize. It shall be returned safely to you."

"But I didn't raise it," and she shrunk back. "It was a big bush when you gave it to me."

"That's nothing! You own it, and you've cultivated it for some time. My roses are injured this summer by rust, and if I had kept that one at home, I might have lost it. You can't hide such a flower as that, Mrs. Elwood. You'll let me take it, won't you?"

"Of course you'll do as you please 'bout it," she said.

The Damascus rose was the great feature of the floral department of the exposition.

"O Kate!" cried Louise Grant, "isn't that your rose you make such a fuss about! Did you really give it to that cross old thing?"

"Hush," whispered Kate. "The rose has conquered her crossness, I think. Please don't say a word against her. I have got a prize for it! Don't the people seem charmed over the rose! I think that it will take the prize."

It did. More than that, the story of the poor old owner was told by Kate, and whispered about, and the roses on the bush, eight in all, sold for two dollars and fifty cents apiece. The spirit of charity seemed abroad, and had there been twenty blooms, they would have found a ready sale.

There could not have been a happier girl than Kate when she entered Mary Elwood's cottage that evening.

"Your rose has taken the prize," she cried as she put the money into the astonished woman's hands. "And I really think we could have sold all the roses at five dollars apiece. Mrs. Green says she will give you five dollars if you'll let her have a cutting for her, and other people say the same thing. But you must give me the first, remember. I tell you what we'll do. You've got plenty of room for a flower-garden. I'll bring you some of my finest roses this fall, and you'll cultivate them, and root cuttings, and sell them to the people round here. The rich ones won't mind giving fancy prices for a rare rose. O Mrs. Elwood, I'm so glad for you!"

Mary Elwood could not answer, but she looked at the bright face of the girl before her, and suddenly burst into tears. When she recovered herself, she took Kate's hand and kissed it.

"If the world was as hard and as bad as I thought it was," she said, in a choked voice, "you'd make it good to me."

"Then it was," said Kate, with a sob.

"Keep your sorrow for them that needs it," was the sharp reply; but Kate noticed that the voice had softened a little. "I s'pose you think now Lemuel's gone. I'm likely to starve. I don't say I won't, but I'm not goin' to be beholdin' to nobody for charity. The world's gone hard with me from first to last, and I ain't got no use for it."

"Mamma told me to ask you if there was anything you needed, anything she could do for you," Louise Grant said, timidly.

"Yes, there's one thing she kin do for me; to let me alone," and walking into her house, Mrs. Elwood shut the door behind her—a forcible hint to the intruders, who hurried off.

"What an awful old woman!" said Louise. "How she treated us! And I don't think she's got a bit of feeling. She isn't grieving for her son, is she, Kate?"

But Kate did not answer. Her observant eyes had seen the repressed anguish, the tears which were kept down by affected anger.

"Poor creature!" she thought. "Her heart is breaking, and she will never accept help from any one. If I only could do something for her!"

Had Kate been like many girls of her age, her kind wishes would have evaporated in useless pity. But she was tenacious of impression, and followed up her idea with perseverance. She was no enthusiast in the common acceptation of the term, but her ideas became dominant, and as in the case of her flowers, they governed her, possessed her, and let her have no rest until she followed them out.

Now she did not see how she could help an obstinate old woman who refused to be helped, but she watched and waited, and never forgot her. Every day she stopped a minute or two at Mary Elwood's cottage, or rather at the door, for she never entered it. She would ask how she was, say a pleasant word or two, and pass on. After a while the woman seemed to watch for her coming, and her harsh voice softened a little when she answered her. Kate sometimes brought her work, a comfort to be quilted, or some plain sewing, but there were few things the poor creature could do, though she was eager for work.

"She will never get through the winter," Kate thought, when, one day, having at last been invited into the room, the cupboard door swung open, and she saw the shelves were empty. "I don't really believe she's got a mouthful of food in the house. I see a few potatoes in the corner, and that's all."

"That's a beautiful rose," the woman said suddenly, as she noticed a rose that Kate was wearing.

"Isn't it?" and Kate handed her a fine Marechal Neil. "Are you fond of flowers?"

"Well, I used to be," in a strangely gentle voice. "My gal Susy she died when she was 'bout your age; she loved 'em powerful. Her pa used to say she liked her posies better than her dinner. I mind me of the very day she died, makin' me bring her a white rose that grew up her winder; and she says—

"Ma, I wonder of the roses up there'll be sweeter than this one. Anyway, they won't fade."

"Ah me! I planted that rose on her grave and I reckon it's a growin' and a-bloomin' in that Mississippi graveyard."

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Our Young Folks.

For the Blade Young Folks.

BABYLAND LORE.

BY C. S.

O baby, sweet baby, with sunny eyes,
So like in color to clear June skies,
You look so happy—what secret lies,
In the calm unclouded depth of your eyes?
O make me wise!

Is it because in the future you see,
Far, far away over time's deep sea,
A peaceful ocean where you and me
Shall find the isles of "sweet certainties,"
And happy be?

Or is it some rap'urous bygone scene,
You saw in the valley of Babyland green,
That gives your eyes the beautiful sheen,
That never in older eyes is seen?
O tell me true!

He had journeyed from Babyland only a mile;
But he looked so knowing, I thought erewhile
He will sur ly my curious quests beguile,
But he said "da, da" with a cunning smile,
"I'll never tell."

"When I came away from the Babyland,
They touched my lips with a magical wand,
And I dare not tell, though I understand
All the wonderful lore of Babyland,
Not e'en to you."

Then I asked him the way to Babyland;
He answered, "Coo, coo," with a wave of his hand,
As he said by a look I could understand,
"Don't ask me the way to Babyland,
For I don't know."

"The route I came by seemed rocky and steep;
But much of the way I have traveled asleep,
And whither through valley or over the deep,
I am not sure—for I never could keep
My eyes a-peep."

I ceased my quest, for the bright blue eyes
Had lost their gleam of sweet surprise,
And the baby had gone where dreams arise,
Beyond the border of sunset skies,
To the land of Nod.

A GOLDEN ROSE.

BY MARIE B. WILLIAMS.

"Here, Kate!" said Capt. Will Adair to his niece, Kate Vaugon, a pretty girl about 17 years old "Here is a growing cutting of the very handsomest rose I ever saw in my life. We had left the vessel, and taken a trip to Damascus. I was strolling through the city, when I came across this rose It was growing against a wall, and I snipped off a piece without saving by your leave."

"What color is it, Uncle Will?"

"A bright yellow. Looks like a golden rose in the sunlight. I had trouble enough with it on board ship, but my sailors nursed it as if it was a delicate infant, and you see how green and flourishing it is. Take good care of it, give it plenty of sunshine, and you'll have the finest rose to show at your grand exposition that the folks around here have ever seen. I do believe it's as large as this breakfast plate; and such a perfume!"

Kate was delighted. She had always been fond of cultivating plants for the mere love of flowers, but of late ambitious dreams had made her more attentive to her floral pets than ever before. She wanted her flowers to take the first prize at a grand exposition to be given at L——, that summer. There was a great deal of competition in the floral department, and some of Kate's most intimate friends had entered the lists also.

Kate's carnations and roses were very fine, but she had heard that Sophia Wilson had a Baronore Rothschild rose, before whose glory all others must pale. So this acquisition of a new and magnificent species filled her soul with joy, and never was rose watched and tended as this Damascus treasure. A dying leaf, a chance insect, threw her into despair, and the first appearance of a bud was hailed with an outburst of glee. One could hardly recognize quiet, thoughtful Kate Vaughn in this nervous, excitable girl, who was depressed or uplifted as her rosebush drooped or flourished.

"I wish, Kate, the old exposition was over and done with, and then maybe you'd be yourself again," her friend Louise Grant had said to her. "I declare you don't seem to have a single thought beyond that rose, and it may turn out to be nothing remarkable, after all. To you know, old Mary Elwood heard this morning that her son had died somewhere in Florida. Poor old soul! he was the only support she had. How is she going to get on without him? Such a person as she is too! Mamma is sick, and she has sent me to see her, but I'm afraid to go alone. Do, Kate, come with me, won't you?"

"Of course I will," Kate said promptly. "O what a pity that Mrs. Elwood is such a cross, perverse old woman. She never has acked help or sympathy from any one since she first came here, and she's so hard and harsh in her manner that I don't suppose she gets much sympathy now in her trouble."

Mary Elwood met the girls with a deeper frown on her forehead than usual. She was a sharp-eyed, erect little old woman, who seldom opened her lips without cross words. She seemed always tristhing with defiance from head to foot against some invisible foe, and to the poor, unhappy old woman every human being she met seemed an enemy. No one knew where she came from, or what misfortunes had befallen her before she took up

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Answers to Inquiries.

SODA FOR COLIC IN HORSES.—I notice that E. Hayden, Wappello, Ia., in answer to R. H. Small, Bitterwater, Cal., says: "Do not give soda, for if it does not cure, it will kill," and then gives us an instance in which a valuable animal "not very sick," was killed by giving soda in buttermilk. Now the trouble was in giving it in buttermilk, instead of warm water, as recommended by Mr. Small. For flatulent colic, if not too far gone, I consider it an unfailing remedy. I have used it for 25 years, and have never known it to fail in a single case, if taken in time. But Mr. Small's dose, is too small. I would say dissolve a half teacupful of soda in a quart of water, as warm as you can bear your hand in, and 1 or 2 sweet spirits of nitre, and give as a drench. Repeat the dose every half hour (or oftener if a very severe attack) until relieved. Should the extremities become cold, and the perspiration alarming, stimulants may be given with advantage. This treatment would do no good in a case of spasmodic cholic.—T. ADDINGTON, Ridgeville, Ind.

PRAIRIE DOGS.—T. S. Robison, of Roscoe, Kansas, asks in the BLADE for a manner of exterminating prairie dogs. The editor's suggestion of poisoning them clearly showed his acquaintance with the cunning little inhabitant of the prairies to be very limited. They will not eat poisoned food. It is the nature of the industrious little fellow to dig for his own subsistance from the produce of the prairie fields. Instinct teaches him what to eat just the same as it does to tie across their burrow entrances upon the approach of danger, and if one is shot, instead of falling into the hands of the enemy, drops into the hands of his kin, who care for the dead with how much how. A few years since there were a great many of them in our county, but owners of the land have found a way of extermination that has proved successful. It is this: Go into your dog town with your spade and tamper, fill up the holes and tamp the dirt solid upon them, return each day for several days and close up the holes of those which may have come through and strength to dig out. They will not do so more than once. This plan has been successfully tried by many here, and will do the work with as little labor and more assurance than any other plan we know of.—FRED J. WOLFE, Conway Springs, Kan. [Mr. Wolfe's plan for exterminating the dogs seems to be the only one thing. Mr. Robison may now begin the work of getting rid of the dogs. The editor was in Kansas and Nebraska during the years 1856 and 1857, and saw many of the lively little dogs, but at that time no one even dreamed that agriculture in Kansas and Nebraska would in less than 25 years reach such magnificent proportions, and the little dogs were unmolested, as they could do but little harm.—ED.]

HOGS WEAK IN THE HIND LEGS—HOW TO CURE—CHICKEN CHOLERA.—I find in a late number of the BLADE the question: "What shall I do for a hog that is weak in the hind legs?" I never failed to cure them with arsenic. It is prescribed in very small doses, daily for two weeks, in our stock book, but I could not weigh out grains, and a woman told me she gave as much as a common bean, so I did, all in one dose. It did not kill anything but the kidney worms, but as beans differ so much in size, give a quantity the size of a pea, spread on a piece of bread and butter. If that don't help in a few days, give another dose.

Our sick book did not give any cure for blind staggers, but we were told to cut the head open to the bone, between the eyes, and put in salt and pepper. We did, and the hog recovered. It was enough to raise the dead. I would try the salt and pepper with vinegar on the outside first. I did once because I could not cut the head open, and there was no one else to do it. The hog recovered from some cause.

For cholera, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. One Illinois man gave his hogs a feed of oats occasionally, and lost none by cholera, although his neighbors were dying all around him. Another shuts his hogs in the pen, and nearly smothers them by throwing lime amongst them, probably once in a few weeks.

I have great faith in carbolic acid as a preventive and cure; it certainly is for chicken cholera. I kept an open phial of carbolic acid suspended by a wire in our small hen house all the time. The cost and trouble was almost nothing, for the acid would gather as much moisture in damp weather as it lost by drying. My chickens never got cholera while it was there. I first learned by a neighbor telling me how to cure cholera, by putting a few drops of the acid in water for them to drink; in that way I cured some that were nearly dead with the disease.

If I was in the business as I used to be, I should certainly try putting a little carbolic acid in the food or drink for hogs, and vials of it would be open in the hog house, if I had a house for them. I would scent their sleeping place with it any way I could. Oats fed to pigs or sheats was all that seemed to help our's, but the old hogs got a good dose of arsenic when they began to get sick, and the first dose helped all but one which was beyond to die; and I did not want her to suffer a great while, so I gave her enough arsenic to kill her, and she got well. Don't think because I am a woman I don't know, for I had the sick to doctor, and if I thought I could learn more by examining the dead, they were opened, being very careful not to cut my hands.—Unfortunately the name of the writer of the above was lost in making up the copy for the printers.—ED.

BLACK LEG.—About one year since, in the question bureau of the BLADE, was an inquiry in regard to black leg in calves and young cattle, and a cure wanted. Some 50 years ago I was domiciled on a New Hampshire farm where blag leg was very prevalent. Only one treatment was applied and always successfully. Cut through the skin across the upper part of leg affected, a place nearly three inches wide; separate the skin from the flesh nearly four inches deep, and fill the pocket thus made with common salt and the thing disappears.—JOHN A. PETTINGILL, Bunker Hill, Ill.

Information Wanted.

ABOUT POULTRY.—I am just commencing poultry raising for profit, not recreation, and there are so many questions I need to ask. I do not wish to raise fancy birds, nor expect to raise pure-bred fowls; I expect to find the profit in winter eggs and early chickens. I am a farmer's daughter, have a warm poultry house and plenty of ground. I have a cross between Light Brahmas and White Leghorns.

Please answer through the columns of your paper the following questions and greatly oblige a constant reader:

First—Can the best results for above purposes be secured by mating a cock with pullets of the same brood, if kept from the hens that laid the eggs from which he was hatched?

Second—Would mating him with those hens answer for one year; or is it positively best to secure a cock from an entirely different year?

Third—In mating those of different breeds will the chicks take most after the cock or hen as to size?

Fourth—To secure the greatest production of eggs by selecting from year to year only those pullets to breed from that prove the best layers, will it be necessary to know that the cock is also descended from extra layers?

Fifth—At what age are light Brahma pullets supposed to commence laying?

Sixth—At what age do hens usually moult?

Seventh—To what measure of water should the mixture for tonic drink, recommended in BLADE of July 9, be added, so that if only a few of the fowls drink of it no harm will be done and so it will be strong enough to do good if only a small portion of the drink be used. Thanks in answer and oblige—A READER. First—No. Second—Best to secure a cock from different yard if you get as good a bird each time. Third—Decreases the size of the larger and increases the size of the smaller. Fourth—Yes. Fifth—About nine months on farms. Sixth—Depends on care and condition. Seventh—Say four quarts of water and half a cupful of the mixture. It may be given two or three times a week, and when there is danger of disease, every day. It is excellent to give it to fowls during the moulting season.—ED.]

VARIETIES OF OATS.

Bulletin No. 2 of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station.

The soil on which these varieties grew is a medium clay loam, only moderately fertile.

It has been continuously cropped for four years, without manure of any kind. This year a dressing of 300 pounds per acre of superphosphate was applied broadcast after the oats were through the ground.

The plowing was all done April 13, but owing to the frequency of rain, the seed was not put in until ten days later. The ground was then in very good condition, having been thoroughly fitted with the roller and Acme harrow. After sowing, it was again rolled and harrowed lightly with a straight-tooth harrow. The seeding was done with the Buckeye drill at the rate of two bushels per acre.

The seed germinated well, and made a very even stand throughout.

All the varieties stood up exceptionally well, and were cut in good order, except those ripening after July 22. These were badly lodged by a severe storm on that date and somewhat injured.

The light weight per bushel of varieties ripening after the above date is probably due in part to the effects of the storm and the very hot weather which immediately preceded it.

The following table gives the principal points of the experiment, which will be more fully discussed in the annual report.

No. of Plot.	Variety.	Yield of Grain in Pounds.	Yield of Straw in Pounds.	Weight per Measured Bu.	Time of Ripening
1	White Russian	85	117	31	July 28
2	White Improved	82¼	143	30	July 28
3	Yank e Trouble	81	141	31	July 28
4	Welcome Triumph	91½	168	29	July 29
5	Barley Oats	84½	295	17	July 20
6	Bohemian	81¼	121	40½	July 30
7	Lydstale	78	114	38½	July 30
8	Sib's, D kota	77½	121	31½	July 22
9	Prize Chester	59¾	92	37	July 20
10	Kansas Hybrid	72¾	109	34	July 22
11	White German	80¼	131	30½	July 20
12	White Schoener	76¾	119	34	July 24
13	Black Tartarian	68	106	29½	July 24
14	Race Horse	84½	147	31½	July 18
15	Rust Proof	73½	114	29	July 22
16	Welcome	65½	104	28	July 24
17	Welcome, selected	69½	110	28	July 23
18	White Canadian	64½	114	30½	July 24
19	White Belgian	74	131	34	July 22

* This plot suffered by being too close to the road; the injury is estimated at about 10 per cent.

The size of all plots was one-thirty-second (1-32) of an acre. The yield in pounds per plot is the estimated yield in bushels per acre.

It is worthy of note that not one variety ripening after July 22, weighed up to the standard bushel. Some of the early ripening ones also fell below the standard weight. Observations made last year and this, confirm us in the belief that late varieties are almost uniformly lighter per measured bushel than earlier ones.

WILLIAM R. LAZENBY, Director.

Salt for Squashes.

Says the Germantown *Telegraph:* There are probably few farmers who have not been sorely vexed, not to say provoked at their failure at times to grow squashes. The young plant will start well, grow luxuriantly for a time and then begin to show signs of decay. In most cases this appears to result from the ravages of a sort of maggot or insect that works at the surface of the ground, as effectual in causing destruction. We notice in an exchange what is claimed to be a remedy, which is so simple that it is worthy of trial at least. The writer says: "I put a handful of salt in each hill at the time of planting and not a vine was touched. They grew splendidly, and the squashes kept well through the winter. One hill was planted without salt, and that proved a failure." Farmers will do well to bear the above in mind at the time of planting squashes. Application of salt after planting will probably do just as well.

Cabbage Worms.

One of your correspondents asked for a recipe to kill cabbage worms, says a writer in an exchange. If he will take salt and sprinkle the cabbages infested after sundown he will find that the worms will be entirely destroyed by the next day's hot sun. I have found this an infallible remedy. The dew upon the salt at night forms a strong brine which kills the worm. It is the brine, not the salt, that kills, for if the salt is sprinkled on the plant in the morning instead of in the evening it will have no effect. In this part of the country it is the grasshoppers which we dread more than the worm in cabbage raising. I save all the scraping of the smoke house and fish-salt for this purpose, using about a pint to every dozen plants.

Salt Cheese.

When a cheese which has been much salted and kept dry, says an exchange, is washed several times in soft water and then laid on or rubbed over with wine or vinegar, it gradually loses its saltness, and if it be a rich cheese, from being hard and dry it becomes soft and mellow. This simple method of improving cheese is worth knowing. It is generally practiced in Switzerland, where cheese are kept stored for many years, and if they were not very salt and dry would soon become the prey of worms and mites.

Onions.

There are three varieties of worms working havoc in the great onion meadows of Orange county, N. Y. There is a striped worm, a dark worm with a red head and a black worm—all ravenous cut worms. The striped worm commits its ravages only at night or on cloudy days, and scores of men, women and children are hunting them nightly by the aid of lanterns and torches. The red headed worm is a new-comer and is present in less numbers than the other two. Many onion producers have lost their entire crop and others have plowed up their ground.

The Birds.

The commissioner of agriculture has decided to combine with the entomological division of the bureau a new branch of investigation relating to economic ornithology. The inquiry will relate to the food habits of birds, but will include also the collection of data bearing on the migration and geographical distribution of North American species.

Plantain.

An easy method of killing plantain, dandelion and other weeds in a lawn is to place a little sulphuric acid, with a stick, on the crown of each plant, carrying the acid in an open-mouthed bottle with a long handle, so as not to touch it with fingers or clothes. So says the Philadelphia *Record.*

Commissioner Thoman Buys a House and Pays for It In Township Bonds.

Civil Service Commissioner Thoman is not in Washington, and it is, therefore, impossible to ascertain all the facts with regard to his alleged transactions in Indiana township bonds. He purchased the house in which he now lives about two weeks ago from A. Richards and C. Martin, for which he paid $13,000, transferring to the vendors at par that amount in Indiana township school bonds. He recently sold the bonds to Mr. Myers, dealer in school furniture of Chicago, who had received them through his traveling agent, R. R. Pollard.

Mr. Davis was in Washington at the time of the purchase. Before closing the bargain the owners of the property took great pains to satisfy themselves of the character and standing of the bonds. They secured written opinions from two or three eminent Indiana lawyers and also caused their bankers to telegraph to their correspondents in Indianapolis in regard to the matter. The responses in every instance were in effect and without qualification that the bonds were a good investment Mr. Martin, from whom the above information is obtained, says he did not suppose the bonds were worth par, but inasmuch as they bore 5 per cent. interest, and as some of them already had several months accrued interest, he consid red them a good investment. If the bonds prove fraudulent he will call on Mr. Thoman to redeem them at the price at which they were taken. It is not intimated in any quarter that Thoman was cognizant of any fraud or irregularity in the issuance of the bonds.

Despicable Doings at Salt Lake.

Sunday morning at 1 o'clock some parties threw two two-quart jars full of privy vault filth mixed with sand through the window of the parlor of United States Commissioner McKay, who had heard most of the unlawful cohabitation cases. One of the jars burst, spattering the floor and furniture and ruining the room. The two jars were thrown through the window of United States Attorney Dixon, aimed at the bed where he slept, but struck outside of the window casing, bursting over the outside walls. If one had struck him it might have killed him. Two were thrown into the house of Assistant Attorney Varian, where his wife was alone with a sick child, doing much damage. There is no clue, but much indignation is felt.

Whitlock's Work.

Perry Whitlock, aged 28, went to the residence of his father-in-law, E. G. Coe, some miles south of Danville, Ill., and shot his wife Emily, aged 25, and her sisters, Maggie and Tinchie, 28 and 32 respectively, then killed himself. All three sisters are mortally wounded. Whitlock had previously threatened to kill the whole family. He and his wife lived unhappily on account of his dissipated habits, and she recently left him. Whitlock came from Indian Territory four years ago, and after a short acquaintance married Miss Coe, against the wishes of her parents.

Battle of Female Ballots.

Owing to the extreme activity of the Protestant women of Boston in the matter of voting for school committees, it is stated that an active movement is on foot in Catholic circles to bring all the women of that faith to the polls at the coming municipal election, for the purpose of counteracting, as far as possible, the influence of those of the opposite belief.

News of the Week.

WHAT IRELAND NEEDS.

A Parnell Meeting in Indianapolis —Hendricks's Speech.

A large meeting was held at Masonic hall, Indianapolis, to endorse Mr. Parnell in his present political career respecting Ireland. Hon. John E. Lamb, of Terre Haute, presided, and speeches were made by Vice Pres. Hendricks, and by Mayor McMasters, of Indianapolis. Resolutions were adopted of sympathy, and encouragement with Mr. Parnell and the Irish party. Mr. Hendricks, in the course of his speech, said:

"What shall be the government of Ireland? For many years it has not been a controverted question that Ireland has been dealt harshly by. It is known the world over that Ireland, from the days of Henry I. until this hour, has not had fair play from Great Britain. On the contrary, she has been denied the rights of equal citizenship and been despoiled of her lands. Every Irishman here to-night, every Irishman in America, is a protest against the bad governing of England towards Ireland. How is it that you are here, having left almost the most beautiful land in the world? Perhaps no part of this globe is more attractive than Ireland, and yet you left Ireland. You are here because you could not get good government in Ireland. Forty-five years ago the population of the "Green Isle" was 9,000,000 of people, a large population for a region of country only the size of Indiana; to-day, after the lapse of 45 years, that population is only 5,000,000, a loss in less than a half a century of 4,000,000 people—half the entire population gone from Ireland. I know the famine of 1843 had much to do with this, but bad government and cruelties by her landlords have done more than famine and pestilence to depopulate the beautiful isle. I would say it is a serious matter when a man or a woman chooses to leave the home that has been the home of ancestors for many centuries. I chanced to pay a visit to the House of Commons, a few years ago, and heard this cause. Mr. Parnell then, as now, was the leader, and held that in respect to her domestic affairs, Ireland should have the right to make her own laws. There are this fall 100 members of parliament to be ele ted from Ireland. Mr. Parnell expects that of this number his cause will carry 80 or 85, so that when parliament meets there will be 80 true, tried and reliable friends of Ireland at least 80 members. They will go to parliament for the purpose of asserting the rights of local self-government for Ireland. What a beautiful system that will be! They get it from you, Irishmen, in America. Here, as I said in Indiana, about the same size with Ireland, differing not more to the extent contribute a share. * * * Fortunate was it for us and for all mankind that two such men as Lincoln and Grant were 'on duty' during the critical year 1863, each the full compliment to the other, the one to think, the other to do, and forming the solid arch on which our glorious Union could safely repose in the earthquake of passion and folly. I will not yield to the temptation to trace the wonderful career of this our comrade, through his late life which, in its phase, surpasses any of which history, ancient or modern, records. Surely Plutarch gives no parallel, nor does Spartas. To compare Grant with Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, or Wellington, seems to me folly, for he was not similar to any of them, any more than the period of time in which they existed resembled ours. Each epoch creates its own agents, and Gen. Grant more nearly impersonated the American character of 1861-5 than any other living man. Therefore, he will stand as the typical hero of the great civil war in America of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, we may continue to gather chaplets to strew on his grave as loving tokens of our remembrance."

In speaking of the burial of Gen. Grant at New York, Gen. Sherman reminded those of his comrades who would have preferred he should have been buried in Washington, that nearly all the dead heroes of the country were buried in other places. "Each city, town, and hamlet may have whatever monument they are willing to erect, but there is no better than all should unite and build a strong, solid, simple monument, characteristic of the man, over his grave on the banks of the Hudson, and then, like Shakespeare, inscribe on it:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
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Maj. Gen. John B. Dearborn, of Minnesota, then delivered an oration touching upon the career of Gen. Grant, and dilating upon the deeds of the army of the Tennessee.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee held an adjourned meeting this forenoon, Gen. Sherman presiding. The committee appointed recommended that the next meeting be held at Rock Island, September 15 and 16, 1886, which was concurred in. Gen. A. L. Chetlain, of Chicago, was chosen as orator, with Maj. Gen. Force, of Cincinnati, as alternate. Gen. Sherman and the other officers of the society were re-elected. The committee appointed to draft resolutions upon the death of Gen. Grant submitted the following, which was adopted:

"WHEREAS, On July 23, 1885, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, the first commander of the army of the Tennessee, departed this life; and, whereas, the members of the society of the army of the Tennessee, animated by their love of their old commander who was a member of this society, desire to give expression to their feelings of admiration of his character and services and profound sorrow at his death; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the achievements in the war of the rebellion gave him the unquestioned leadership of that mighty host of patriotic men who fought for, and saved the Union. In great emergencies, in the crisis of battle, he was so self-reliant, so self-possessed, filled with such unquailing courage, and so fertile of resources, that he was the master-spirit of that great struggle; and the army and the people learned to repose absolute confidence in his skill, his courage, his wisdom, and his prudence.

"His signal triumph in arms was marked and crowned by a magnanimity to the vanquished unparalleled in the history of war.

"As President of the United States, he met and dealt with the most difficult and baffling problems of government and statecraft, both domestic and foreign, and his wisdom, firmness, and moderation caused their settlement in the interest of the honor, the peace, and the repose of the country.

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A resolution was adopted requesting the secretary of War to change the location of the statue of Gen. Rawlins, in the city of Washington, to a more eligible location. A committee was appointed to confer with the secretary of War upon the subject. Adjourned *sine die.*

A Wild Time.

Thirty-six Bad river and Red Cliff Indians visited the Chicago board of trade Friday, reaching the gallery a few minutes before the close of the afternoon session. Their appearance in fantastic combinations of garb was greeted with shouts rivaling in vigor their own war-whoops. The enthusiasm so excited the red men that on the spur of the moment a native dance was indulged in. Instantly a most ludicrous scene was inaugurated, there being given in the street an imitation Indian dance, into the spirit of which all the traders heartily entered. There was a wild time for five minutes or so, then the gong sounded for the close and the Indians filed from the gallery.

The Whisky Pool Broken.

The Peoria *National Democrat*, having interviewed prominent distillers and got what it vouches for as the bottom facts in regard to the Western export association, says: "The whisky pool, or, as it is better known to the trade, the Western export association, is hopelessly broken. Alcohol and high proof spirits today are selling in prominent manufacturing centers in the West for $1.04 to $1.05 per proof gallon. We are also informed that if this war continues—of which there seems to be no doubt—prices will go down to $1 per proof gallon for alcohol and high-proof spirits. The bonanza distillers are determined to drive the knife to the hilt and then wriggle the said hilt."

Mississippi Republicans.

The Republican state executive committee met at Jackson. Chairman John R. Lynch presided. The following resolution was passed:

"*Resolved*, That in view of the fact that organized opposition to the Democratic party of this state this fall is useless, because of the well known impossibility of securing at the polls an honest election, it is the sense of the committee that no convention be called to nominate a state ticket."

ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

The Reunion at Chicago—Gen. Sherman Present.

The eighteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee began in Chicago Wednesday. A business meeting occurred this forenoon, when about two hundred officers, members of the order, were present. Gen. William T. Sherman, president of the society, was in the chair. On the stage with him were Gen. Logan and Govs. Oglesby, Marshall, Sherman and Fletcher. In the body of the audience were Gens. Belknap, John B. Sanborn, M. M. Bone, Clinton B. Fiske, Hickenlooper, Force, and others.

The secretary reported that four members had died during the year, viz.: Gen. U. S. Grant, Col D. N. Welch, Capt. John E. Jones, and Maj. Josiah Barber.

A resolution was adopted authorizing the secretary to sell copies of the printed reports of the society, comprised in four volumes, to public libraries and other persons applying through members of the society.

A committee of five was appointed to draft appropriate resolutions in view of the death of Gen. Grant, and his widow was elected a substitute member of the society. The widows of Gen. Craft J. Wright and Maj. Josiah Barber were also elected substitutes.

A magnificent audience assembled at Central Music Hall, Chicago, Wednesday night, when the orations of the occasion were delivered. Exercises were opened with prayer by Bishop Fallows, who was followed by Gov. R. J. Oglesby, who delivered a glowing tribute to the deeds of the Army of the Tennessee. He was followed by Gen. W. T. Sherman, who reviewed the life and services of Gen. Grant. After speaking feelingly of the great leader's death, Gen. Sherman said:

"We, his first war comrades, concede to the family their superior rights, but claim the next place in the grand procession of mourners. We were with him in his days of adversity, as well as prosperity, and were as true to him as the needle to the pole. We shared with him the trials and tribulations, as well as labors and battles of Henry, Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Iuka and Vicksburg, when that transcendent and most valuable of all victories turned the universal gaze of our bewildered countrymen to the 'new star in the west,' which plainly foretold the man who had dispelled the cloud 'which lowered o'er our house,' and who was to lead us to the victories of 1865 and to the stable, enduring prosperity of 1885. Hundreds, yes, thousands of busy brains and pens are now trying to comprehend and describe this man who did so much in so short a time; to trace the mysterious causes of his most wonderful career, and to account for unknown results. They look to us, who were his daily associates in that critical epoch, to aid them in their commendable work, and as your president must on this occasion contribute a share. * * * Fortunate was it for us and for all mankind that two such men as Lincoln and Grant were 'on duty' during the critical year 1863, each the full compliment to the other, the one to think, the other to do, and forming the solid arch on which our glorious Union could safely repose in the earthquake of passion and folly. I will not yield to the temptation to trace the wonderful career of this our comrade, through his late life which, in its phase, surpasses any of which history, ancient or modern, records. Surely Plutarch gives no parallel, nor does Spartas. To compare Grant with Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, or Wellington, seems to me folly, for he was not similar to any of them, any more than the period of time in which they existed resembled ours. Each epoch creates its own agents, and Gen. Grant more nearly impersonated the American character of 1861-5 than any other living man. Therefore, he will stand as the typical hero of the great civil war in America of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, we may continue to gather chaplets to strew on his grave as loving tokens of our remembrance."

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A Mexican, Armed with a Repeating Rifle, Cleans Out All the Gambling Saloons—Then Follows a Lynching Bee.

A fight occurred in a gambling house at Bisbee, Ariz., Thursday night, in which an unknown Mexican, who was the gambler, was worsted. He left the place after the row and was not seen again until 4:30 Friday morning, when he made his appearance with a repeating rifle and a belt of cartridges. When he arrived there were about 40 men in the saloon, and the Mexican, who was on the sidewalk, commenced shooting indiscriminately into the crowd. His first shot struck Dave Hickey in the jaw near the ear, and in its course tore off a portion of his upper lip, coming out of his mouth. The next shot struck James Kenoe in the left cheek bone, went through to his neck and ranged downward in his back. It is not expected that he will recover. George Soles received the next shot through the left shoulder, but it is not thought the wound is fatal. Jack Welch received a shot in the foot, the bullet coming out at his heel. Another shot just grazed the elbow of Frank Gardiner. The Mexican fired fifteen shots into the saloon in rapid succession.

After cleaning out this saloon he went farther up the street and fired two shots into Pierce's saloon, and two shots into Curtin's saloon, and then disappeared into the canyon. As he was disappearing a soldier took four shots at him without effect. No steps were taken to capture the assassin until daylight, when citizens started in search. About 9 o'clock he was found in a Mexican house in bed. After getting all the evidence that was necessary, a rope was procured, and the assassin was taken up the canyon and hanged to a tree.

"Offensive Partisans."

As the employes of the Philadelphia mint were departing for their homes, Friday afternoon, eleven more of them were discharged, making 18 discharged, receiving a notice to that effect as they passed out. Saturday morning ten of the cutters, having formed themselves into a committee, waited upon Chief Coiner Steele and said that, being Republicans, they were afraid of receiving summary notice of their removal. There were no charges against them, they said, and they had under them the new hands recently appointed to the mint for instruction. They desired protection. They said that they would not be interfered with unless for cause. Chief Coiner Steele told them that he would communicate with Supt. Fox, which he did. The men in the meantime returned to their room, but not to work until they heard from the superintendent. About noon each one of the ten received a note from Supt. Fox which read: "You are discharged from the mint instanter, for insubordination and conspiracy to embarrass the business of the institution."

The Concord Celebration.

The 250th anniversary of the incorporation of Concord, Mass., as a town was ushered in Saturday at sunrise with the ringing of bells and the firing of a salute of 115 guns. One of the features of the celebration was a procession which was reviewed by Gov. Robinson and invited guests, among whom were the Hon George F. Hoar, the Hon. William M. Evarts, George William Curtis and James Russell Lowell. The procession then moved to the town hall, where the literary exercises took place. The exercises opened with a prayer by the Rev. B. Reynolds Bulkeley, pastor of the Unitarian church, and a direct descendent of Peter Bulkeley, the founder of the town. The Hon. John Shepard Keys then delivered a few words of greeting, after which the Hon. George F. Hoar delivered an oration, which was received with applause. At the close of the ceremonies dinner was served in agricultural hall, and addresses were made by Messrs. Evarts, Curtis, Hoar, Lowell, Rockwood and Gov. Robinson.

The Naval Academy.

The following named persons have been admitted to the Naval Academy as cadets: Thomas F. McGruden, Mississippi; John S. Cohen, Georgia; Charles F. Preston, Indiana; R. Dutton, Colorado; H. J. Righton, Louisiana; Geo. B. Bradshaw, Texas; Nathan C. Finney, Wisconsin; C. W. Offley, Indiana; Geo. H. Nenkle, jr., California; W. C. Cole, Illinois; Alfred P. Krumbaar, Louisiana; Geo. B. Fife, at large; Alfred T. Thompson, Wisconsin; Charles M. Bunker, Wisconsin; Sydney T. Johnson, Texas; Charles G. Long, Massachusettes; Julius Pszebzka, Wisconsin; Adolph Schaffer, Illinois; Geo. W. Danforth, Virginia; Wm. W. Raymond, Massachusetts; George W. Kirk, Missouri; George T. Mitchell, Indiana; John H. Hyland, Pennsylvania; George H. Paul, Wisconsin; A. S. McLeane, Tennessee; O. O. Frick, Georgia; Lewis C. Lucas, Ohio.

ST. JOHN AGAIN.

Stormy Times at Syracuse, N. Y.—Action of the Northern Ohio Conference.

The State Prohibition convention met in Albany, Tuesday, with 395 to 400 delegates. Horace Waltery, of New York, led the meeting. Delegate Shipman, of the same city, bewailed the apathy of ministers towards the Prohibition movement. "They don't believe as you and I do," he said, "they have not got their eyes open yet. We must pray for them unceasingly. They need the light more than any other class of men." K. W. Bruce, of Madison county, in an address advocating prohibition, created a sensation by violently arraigning the church and the ministry. He had scarcely done speaking when a delegate sprang to his feet and charged Mr. Bruce with unjustly assailing the holiest institutions on earth. "The church was the stronghold of abolitionism," he said. "It is not," answered a chorus of voices. "Let him speak," roared a delegate, indignant at the interruption. "The church has been maligned, and the ministry, too; let them at least have a fair hearing." The discussion was finally closed by the chairman calling for a hymn. At 11 o'clock, Frederick F. Wheeler, of Albany, called the convention proper to order. A. H. Hopkins, of Rochester, was made temporary chairman. Standing committees were then appointed, and the convention took a recess.

At a public meeting in the evening, Gov. St. John spoke an hour and a half. He began by answering questions put to him in writing by a Republican, asking him how much the Democrats paid him last fall, the questioner adding, "I have proof of the fact that you sold out." "Now, my friends," the governor said, "I have to say, once for all, the Democratic party, neither directly nor indirectly, neither officially nor unofficially, was ever so mean as to even attempt to communicate with me. I brand the man who asked this question as a malicious, infamous, black-hearted coward, and challenge him to step forth and produce proof of which he alleges himself to be possessed. The Republican party unblushingly acknowledges that it had a bribery bureau, and was deep in the bribery business, but it never had money enough to bribe me. If this statement is satisfactory to its leaders and to its rank and file, it certainly is satisfactory to me."

In the North Ohio Methodist Episcopal conference at Berea, a resolution declaring that no Methodist preacher occupying the pastoral relation has a right to become a candidate for a political office, was defeated by a vote of 57 to 53. A heated discussion was precipitated by the resolution. Bishop Merrill, of Chicago, declared that no Methodist minister has a right to mingle in politi s. A resolution declaring the conference not responsible for the individual or political views of any minister or layman was then adopted.

LOST ON THE LAKE.

A Number of Vessels Overdue, and Supposed to be Lost—Evidences of Wrecks Along the Shore.

The easterly gale which swept the lake Tuesday and Wednesday was more severe and greater in area than any other gale of the season. The returns thus far show that the damage to the shipping exposed to the wind was quite general. The lake on the west shore between Chicago and Milwaukee is filled with floating lumber, shingles and lath, and in various places small pieces of wreckage have been seen. The weather has been so thick and foggy, however, that it is impossible for steam rs passing up the shore to distinguish objects on the land. A number of vessels are long overdue at Chicago, and their coming is anxiously awaited.

An unknown vessel was wrecked at Two Rivers, Wis. The shore is strewn with sails and rigging, cabin furniture, portions of cabin, cordwood and cedar posts. The main part of the hull, which looks to be greatly broken up, is about five miles north of the harbor piers. Nothing was found to indicate the name of the vessel, except a piece of monkey rail painted white with black letters, five and one half inches long, spelling "Milton." No bodies have been discovered on shore, and unless the crew abandoned the vessel or vessels wrecked and sought safety in some other craft they must have perished.

Reports are still coming in from all along the lake of vessels driven ashore and wrecked, and dozens are seen on the lake, apparently in distress, which could not be reached during the storm. Several towing steamers were obliged to drop their towlines in order to save themselves, and numbers of vessels thus abandoned have not yet been head from. It is feared that the loss of life and property is very great.

Reports from Lake Huron indicate that the storm of Tuesday night and Wednesday was the heaviest that has been experienced for years. From Oscoda it is reported that the Susan Ward, the Keepsake, and the barge Wyandotte were almost broken to pieces by the waves. All of them have broken from their moorings, and have sunk in a few feet of water. The barge S. E. Marvin, valued at $20,000, dragged her anchors, and is a total wreck. She was cut to pieces by the waves. Other vessels are on the lake, but their fate is unknown.

The steambarges R. Wallace and Garden City lost their tows and are in Sand Beach harbor. A large black schooner with three spars and no topmast went ashore at Whetstone point yesterday afternoon. A heavy sea is breaking completely over her.

MURDERED FOR MEN.

The Lee Brothers, Texas Outlaws, Shot Down by Officers.

A Gainesville, Tex., special says: Monday night about 12 o'clock a wagon arrived in the city, carrying the dead bodies of Jim and "Pink" Lee, noted desperadoes and outlaws, who for two years past have been a terror to the people of Delaware Bend and Cook county. Their plan of operation was to steal cattle on the Texas side and drive them across the Red River into Indian territory, where the three Lee boys had a ranch. Last April, while John and Henry Raff, two respectable cattle owners, of this county, with two officers, one of whom was deputy United States marshal, were on a searching expedition in the Chickasaw nation for cattle bearing the Raff brother's brand, they came upon the stronghold of the Lee gang and bravely approached the stockade to arrest the cattle thieves. The desperadoes opened fire through portholes of their fortifications, killing both the Raffs and the two officers, whose bodies lay exposed several days, and were partially eaten by hogs. Since the massacre large rewards have been offered for the capture of the Lee brothers, dead or alive. Monday, Detective Hack Thomas, of Ft. Worth, learned

Col. Mulligan was killed at Lexington, Miss., while gallantly defending that city. Mrs. Mulligan is about 40 years old, and quite prominent in social and religious circles in Chicago. She was prominently mentioned for the place several years ago.

The President has appointed Rensselaer Stone to be collector of internal revenue for the first district of Illinois, in place of Joel D. Harvey, suspended.

Rev. Moses A. Hopkins, of North Carolina, has been appointed minister resident and consul general of the United States to Liberia. He was born a slave in Montgomery county, Va., and after gaining his freedom pursued a course of study and was graduated at the Lincoln University in the class of 1874. He was also graduated at the Auburn, N. Y., Presbyterian theological seminary. In addition to his services as a Presbyterian clergyman he has been engaged in educational pursuits, and was the principal of the state colored normal school at Franklinton, N. C., for several years. He was highly recommended for the position by the governor and other officials of North Carolina, and by other men of prominence.

Irwin Dugan has been appointed supervising inspector of steam vessels for the Sixth district. Capt. Irwin Dugan is a well known river man and steamboat builder, living at Louisville, Ky. He was strongly endorsed for the office by mercantile and business men generally.

The President has made the following appointments to be consuls of the United States: Henry W. Gilbert, of New York, at Trieste; James M. Rose, of New York, at Three Rivers, Can.

"The Pleasure of the Appointing Power."

Sec. Manning has dismissed Jabez Fox, a fourth-class clerk in the register's office. Mr. Fox is the pastor of the Swedenborgian church of Capitol Hill. The reason given by Register Rosecrans for his removal is that it was the pleasure of the appointing officer.

To-day Postmaster General Vilas has appointed the following fourth-class postmasters:

Ohio—Ashland, Orlando Samuel; Dayesville, John J. Pyles; Helena, David Garns; Dixon, John W. Smith.

Indiana — Dudley, Kelly Thrasher; Franklinville, Abner Rogers; Mexico, Wm. Dillmann; Centreport, John R. Helton; Southport, Mrs. Mary Grubbs.

Value of Exports.

The chief of the bureau of statistics reports the total values of the exports of domestic cattle, hogs, beef, pork and dairy products as follows: For August, 1885, $7,383,147; as compared with August, 1884, $8,655,949. For eight months ending August 31, 1885, $64,217,506; as compared with the same time in 1884, $66,347,375. Beef and pork products for the ten months ending August 31, 1885, $75,671,451; for the same time in 1884, $71,758,810. Dairy products for four months ending August 31, 1885, $5,389,594; for the same time in 1884, $7,733,069.

Fourth-Class.

Postmaster General Vilas has appointed a number of fourth-class postmasters in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Illinois and Michigan.

An Alleged Swindle.

A firm of Washington claim agents is said to have sent circulars to druggists all over the county informing them that they have an opportunity to recover large sums from the government from some mysterious damage suffered, and proposes to devote their energies to the collection of the claims. Washington druggists know of no such claims as are alleged and believe the whole thing a swindle.

Notes.

All members of the cabinet are now in Washington.

R. A. Fish has been appointed assistant register of the treasury.

Within 60 days 28 postoffices have been burned or robbed in the United States.

"Sunset" Cox indorses the official work of Appointment Clerk Higgins in a fervent postal card message, "God bless Mr. Higgins."

Eight more clerks in the treasury department were removed in the interests of economy. The majority were employed in the internal revenue bureau.

The President has given notice to the Democratic factions of California that he will make no more appointments in that state until they cease their strife.

A commission has been appointed to open negotiations with the Choctaws, Creeks, Cherokees and Seminole Indians, for the purpose of having their individual lands thrown open for settlement.

Sec. Manning declines to make any statement whatever in regard to the alleged silver compromise, on the ground that he did not have any time to read the newspapers, and consequently did not know what had been said on the subject.

The special committee appointed to inspect the lighthouse steamer Marion, has recommended its acceptance by the lighthouse board. The committee report that on her trial trip on the Delaware river she worked smoothly and well, and developed a speed of seventeen miles an hour, and that she showed no structural weakness nor the least vibration from any cause. This vessel was built at a cost of $73,700 for service on the Pacific coast.

The commissioners of emigration of the state of New York have reported to the secretary of the treasury, that during the year 1884 there arrived at the port of New York 353,053 immigrants, all of whom were examined by the board, and on such examinations 1,144 persons were found to be either convicts, lunatics, idiots or persons unable to take care of themselves or likely becoming public charges, and returned to the countries whence they came.

Judge Harlan, presiding judge of the court of commissioners of Alabama claims, has mailed to Secretary of State Bayard a most elaborate and comprehensive statement with regard to the expenditures of the court and the authority under which the same were incurred. The document is said to be very voluminous, and it is claimed that it completely overturns the many statements lately made with regard to extravagant and unauthorized expenditures on the part of the court.

A friend of Gen. Keifer says there is no truth in the statement that the ex speaker is going to locate in Kansas. He says a syndicate of wealthy men in Springfield, O., have in contemplation the purchase of a large tract of land near Ellsworth, which they propose to divide into city lots with a view to building up a manufacturing city, which they will aim to make ultimately the capital of the state. Keifer went to Kansas as the agent of the syndicate, to examine the legality of the title and settle other preliminaries. He will continue to reside in Springfield.

Programme of the Two Days' Reunion at Grand Rapids, Mich.

The executive and reception committee of the Army of the Cumberland society met and agreed upon a programme for the exercises of Wednesday and Thursday as follows: Wednesday, a business meeting at 10:30 a. m.; evening, report of the local executive committee, address of welcome by Gov. R. A. Alger, a response by Gen. Sheridan, and the annual oration by Judge J. R. Parker, of Cleveland, the orator of the society. Thursday morning, a business meeting; afternoon at 2 o'clock, a parade under command of Gen. T. C. Smith, to be reviewed by Lieut. Gen. Sheridan; at 3:30 o'clock, unveiling of the Kent county soldiers' monument, with an address by C. W. Watkins; 8 p. m., a banquet at Lucce's hall. The committee decided to reduce the price of admission to the banquet from $5 to $3 per plate. The reception committee appointed several subcommittees who will be present at the arrival of all trains to receive visitors and assign them to quarters. Capt. C. E. Belknap, the commander of Camp Grant, where the G. A. R. posts are to camp, has the 900 tents nearly up and the camp will be ready to receive visitors to-morrow. Powers' opera house, where the exercises are to be held, and Lucce's hall, in which the banquet will be spread, are handsomely decorated. The former is a perfect bower of flags, banners, shields and mottoes. Life size figures of soldiers and goddesses flank the stage, and tablets containing the list of the engagements in which the army participated are hung conspicuously at both sides of the stage. The street decorations will be profuse, and on an elaborate scale.

Dakota Knocking for Admission.

In the constitutional convention at Sioux Falls, resolutions were introduced and referred to proper committees, as follows:

"That the name of the new state be Dakota, and its motto, 'Under God the people rule;' that education and attendance at school be made compulsory between the ages of 6 and 12."

A committee of five was appointed to draft a memorial to Congress, asking for the admission of Dakota, if this constitution be ratified by the people.

Queer Civil Service Proceedings.

Internal Revenue Collector Maloney, of the Fifth Michigan district, has notified J. A. Hinckley, deputy in the East Saginaw district, to resign by the 15th inst. This Hinckley declines to do, as no charges have been preferred against him. Hinckley has been a deputy for the past 21 years, under eight collectors, and has an unblemished record. W. H. Whittimore, of Bay city, whom Maloney appointed in Hinckley's place, declines to serve.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Great Britain.

THE RADICALS.

Mr. Chamberlain, in a speech at Warrington, gave the full Radical platform. He said the Radicals now formed a great majority of the Liberal party, and they would oppose Mr. Parnell, tooth and nail. This declaration was greeted with prolonged cheering. Continuing, he said the granting of home rule to Ireland would mean the destruction of the British Empire. He had prepared a moderate scheme of domestic government for Ireland, which had met with the approval of the National leaders. If the Liberals did not like the Radical platform, they must sever their connection with the Radicals. The platform of the Radicals, besides the local government and land planks, advocates free schools, a revision of the taxation and game laws and mineral royalties, and declares that if the appropriation of certain land is necessary for the public good, the rights of property must go to the wall.

Mr. Chamberlain scouted the idea that Lord Hartington would accept Lord Randolph Churchill's invitation to join the Conservative party. Liberalism, he said, was broad enough to settle its own differences. The Radical demands were moderate enough to satisfy all sensible Liberals. Churchill's reference about Ireland was ominous. Parnell's policy was in many respects a worthy one, but separation meant another foreign country, 30 miles from England's shores, animated at the outset with enmity toward England. It was the duty of any government to avert such a calamity. If those were Parnell's only terms, the Radicals would speedily enter a compact with him. Mr. Chamberlain predicted that if the Whigs rejected the Radical programme, they would eventually find themselves outbidden by more extensive and dangerous proposals of the Tory Democrats, as it was already seen that their Irish policy was leading Parnell to excessive demands.

The London *Standard* says it is willing to forget much of Mr. Chamberlain's serious errors, in consideration of the merciless way in which he castigated Parnell in his speech at Warrington. The *Daily News* says: "At the present moment there is less reason than ever for the Whigs to join the Conservatives. Whether the Liberal majority be large or small, it will consist of the advanced section of the party, and a Liberal, failing to pledge himself to changes in the land laws and taxation, has no chance of being heard."

DON'T LIKE HENDRICKS.

Considerable surprise and regret has been occasioned in London at the tone of Vice-Pres. Hendricks's speech at Indianapolis, siding with Mr. Parnell's issue with England. It is urged by British politicians that owing to his position he ought to have taken a neutral stand.

GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone was called upon by a deputation of private citizens, desiring to learn if he intended leading the Liberals in the coming electoral campaign. Mr. Gladstone declined to state his intentions.

THE SCOTCH CHURCH.

Mr. Gladstone and Lord Roseberry have each written a letter for publication, stating that the question of disestablishment of the Scotch church is purely a matter for Scotchmen to deal with, and ought not to be made a test question at the coming parliamentary election. At the last session of parliament there were 1,261 petitions, with 680,022 signatures, against the Church of Scotland disestablishment bill, and only 108 petitions with 2,779 signatures, in favor of the bill.

LONDON SCANDALS.

The examination of Mr. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mrs. Jarrett, Mr. Branwell Booth, Mrs. Coombe, Mr. Jacques and Mrs. Maury, the defendants in the Eliza Armstrong abduction case, was resumed at the Bow street police court to-day. Mr. Russel, counsel for the defense, continued the cross examination of the mother of Eliza Armstrong. Mrs. Armstrong adhered to her statements that she had sold her child to Mr. Stead or any one else for immoral purposes.

Counsel for the defense then asked a few questions tending to prove that the selling of the child was not known to the father, that witnesses kept the matter a secret from her husband.

The examination of the defendants in the Eliza Armstrong abduction case was resumed. Mrs. Broughton, who, it is alleged, conducted the sale of the girl, denied that Eliza was sold, and declared that she accepted the £4 from Mrs. Jarrett in consideration of past kindness.

GORDON'S DIARY.

Kegan, Paul, French & Co., have already cleared the $35,000 they paid for Gen. Gordon's diary, and have a handsome margin left. They will now issue a cheaper edition of the book.

CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE.

The London *Times* says: "The statement will be read with interest that we have the presence of the chief justice of the United States among us. It is regretable, though, that the time of the year prevents concerted action respecting his visit being taken on the part of the different inns of the court. The legal profession, however, will extend Chief Justice Waite that cordial reception given by Americans to Lord Chief Justice Coleridge during the occasion of the latter's visit to the United States, but it is fitting that the presence among us of a judge yet more eminent in position than Lord Coleridge be known and recognized by us."

Canada.

SMALLPOX.

Smallpox has reached Sutton, Que., a town eight miles from Richford, and fears are entertained that it will reach Richford. The victim of the disease at Sutton is a railroad man, employed by the South Eastern company, and officials of that road have notified its employes that they must either be vaccinated or quit working over between Boston and Montreal and now detained on the trip from Boston and are not allowed at Richford to enter Canada. On the arrival of the night train from Montreal a car is attached to the train and run to Boston, as usual.

A young woman afflicted with smallpox was found walking along the streets of Ottawa, Ont., having just arrived from Harswell's Locks. She was at once taken to the contagious disease hospital. Another case was also admitted to the hospital, the patient being a young man who was stricken with the disease at Rockland, where he arrived last week from St. Jerome, Que., having passed through Montreal on the train.

The official statement of the health officer of Montreal shows that 13 deaths from smallpox were reported on Saturday and 18 Sunday. A great majority of these, however, were children. The number of deaths for the week ended Sunday night was 158. No statement has been made as to the number of new cases reported Sunday. A house called "Noah's Ark," on College street, in which over twenty families were living, contributed ten deaths from smallpox in one day, five corpses being taken out at one time, and five a few hours later.

A woman named Aubrey, from Montreal, who was admitted to the hospital at Ottawa last week, suffering from smallpox, has died. Lawson, another patient, is recovering.

RIEL'S SENTENCE.

The full court of Manitoba gave judgment in the Riel case, disallowing the appeal and confirming the death sentence pronounced by the Northwest territories court.

RIEL'S FRIENDS WILL FIGHT.

Over 1,000 of Riel's sympathizers, embracing the half-breeds and French Canadians for twenty miles around, held a mass meeting at St. Boniface. Speeches were made by Riel's counsel and prominent French residents. During the addresses there was intense excitement among the listeners, a number of whom shouted that they would fight before they would see Riel hanged. The speakers declared the name of Riel, if he were executed, would be handed down in history as that of a martyr, while the names of his accusers would rot in oblivion. The unity of the French in Canada was strongly urged in order that such pressure might be brought to bear at Ottawa as would secure a reprieve for Riel.

Lemieux, Riel's counsel, described the scene in Riel's cell, two little children and an aged mother clinging to the prisoner, and he by ball and chain prevented from moving. Great indignation followed. John Carey, a lawyer, said if Riel was hanged the confederation was at an end. Canada wanted no more of it. Other meetings will probably soon be held.

RIEL'S CASE.

A dispatch from Regina says that Riel has been respited, pending the decision of the privy council of Britain.

BIG BEAR'S TRIAL.

Big Bear was tried at Regina, on the charge of treason-felony, and found guilty. Sentence was deferred.

UNDESIRABLE IMMIGRANTS.

The Toronto *Mail* editorially says: "Lawrence Brainerd's case emphasizes once more the necessity for a more comprehensive extradition treaty between Great Britain and the United States. Canadians do not yearn for the company of fugitives from the United States. These men are by no means desirable immigrants. If any complaints should arise at their presence here, they should come from Canadians who have such society forced upon them, rather than from our American neighbors, at whose doors lies the responsibility for the narrowness of the present extradition arrangement."

The Caroline Islands.

SPAIN AND GERMANY.

Germany's demand for reparation for the insult to the German embassy at Madrid on Saturday was received Tuesday. The note is couched in very reasonable terms. Spain's note in reply expresses deep regret at the occurrence of the incident, says that the offenders will be prosecuted and punished, and that those responsible for the safety of the embassy have been arrested and dismissed from the service, and condemns the action of the riotous mob. Meanwhile, preparations for the event of war continue. Orders have been given for reports on all troops available for service.

A dispatch from Madrid to the London *Times* says Emperor William has sent a dispatch to King Alfonso, saying that he has no intention of trenching upon Spanish rights, and will do nothing to prejudice his old friend Alfonso; that Germany will withdraw from Yap, stand on all designs on the Caroline Islands, and admit Spanish sovereignty over these islands, provided it be made effective. It is rumored that Prince Bismarck wished to pursue his original plans, but was overruled by the emperor.

OBEYED ORDERS.

It is stated that the Spanish commander at Manila telegraphs that when it was found that the German flag had been hoisted at Yap, the governor of the Carolines visited the commander of the German gunboat Ithlias, and accused him of piracy and breach of international law. The German commander replied that he had simply obeyed orders. A hot argument ensued, ending in a scuffle, when the German commander retired in his ship. The governor then boarded the Spanish man-of-war San Quetin, and requested the captain to immediately fire on the Ithlias. The captain refused, the governor of the Philippines having ordered him to avoid a conflict. Babrillas ordered the crew to fire, whereupon the captain drew a revolver and threatened to shoot the first man who obeyed or repeated the order. Babrillas again ordered the men to fire, when the captain shot him in the shoulder. Babrillas was afterward taken as a prisoner to Manile, where his trial is progressing. The government formally deny that there was an altercation on shore, but are silent in regard to what occurred on the ship.

A COMPLETE APOLOGY.

Count Benomar, the Spanish ambassador, has received the Spanish courier, bearing a complete apology from Spain to Germany for the insults to the German embassy in Berlin.

Spain.

TROUBLE AT MADRID.

A Paris paper publishes a special telegram from Madrid, via the frontier, stating that a military uprising has taken place in that city.

Later advices from Madrid say the military rising in that city was limited to one of the largest barracks. The soldiers seized their arms and shouted, "Death to our chiefs!" The authorities, who had feared an outbreak, were prepared for the rising, and vigorously suppressed it. Every precaution has been taken to prevent its recurrence.

France.

THE COST OF WAR.

Letters from China represent that France lost 15,000 men in the Tonquin campaign, and that her losses in money, including the cost of building forts, hospitals and frontier defenses, were £43,000,000, while China's losses were 100,000 men and £38,000,000.

Afghanistan.

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

The settlement of the Russo-Afghan question will be speedily embodied in a protocol defining the main points of the frontier. The Afghan frontier commission will then define the boundary line in detail. Russia has abandoned her claim to the whole of Zulfikar pass proper. Meruchak is also left to the Afghans. The frontier line will run eastward to Kodjasaieh, on the basis of the agreement of 1883.

PROTOCOL SIGNED.

It is stated in Paris that the protocol defining the Russo-Afghan frontier, also giving Zulfikar and Meruchak to Afghanistan, was signed in London Friday.

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

The London *Standard* publishes the Anglo-Russian protocol concerning the Afghan frontier. Every detail in connection with the frontier line has been settled. The only possible point of difference is the Oxus, which the English have been unable to minutely survey.

ZULFICAR PASS.

M. Lessar, the chief of the Russian branch of the Afghan boundary commission, was interviewed before leaving London. He said that Zulfikar pass was of no strategetic importance; the eastern mouth of the pass remains in Russia's possession; the Afghans might erect fort works if they pleased; there was no general desire among the Russians to attack Herat through Zulfikar pass.

The Congo Country.

DEVOURED BY CANNIBALS.

Capetown advices state that Congo cannibals have attacked several stations of the African association, and roasted and devoured a number of whites. No further details have been received.

Isthmus of Panama.

THE SANTOS CASE.

M. Julio Romano Santos, who was recently released from prison in Ecuador, has arrived in Panama on his way to Washington. The object of his journey is to establish his claim to recognition as an American citizen by the United States government before taking steps to obtain restitution from the Ecuadorian authorities for losses he has suffered by false arrest and imprisonment. He states that he considers his loss will be $100,000 altogether.

RESTORATION OF PEACE.

An extra number of the *Official Gazette* has been published at Panama, by order of Gen. Montoya, announcing the complete subjection of the rebels and the restoration of peace throughout the republic.

The Cholera.

Throughout Spain, Friday, 1,378 new cases of cholera and 473 deaths were reported.

The total number of cases of cholera reported in Madrid since September 1, was 10,666, and for the whole of Spain for the same period, 23,644. The total number of deaths in Spain since September 1, was 63,780. The disease has almost disappeared from the provinces of Valencie, Murcia, Saragossa and Granada.

A few cases of cholera and deaths from the disease are daily reported from various towns in the south of France.

The report of cholera for the week ending Sunday night shows that the disease is stationary in the provinces of Santander and Barcelona, and in all the other infected provinces there has been a steady decrease.

The Italian government has begun issuing cholera bulletins. The first shows that from the 6th to the 13th inst. there were 146 cases and 86 deaths reported in infected districts of Italy. Monday there were reported four new cases and four deaths at Palermo, and fifteen new cases and four deaths at Parma.

Seven deaths from cholera were reported in Marseilles yesterday. Thirty patients remain under treatment at the Phara hospital. No more bulletins will be issued in Marseilles.

Cholera is spreading in the south of France. At Monosque there have been 80 deaths within three weeks. Many deaths have occurred in other towns. At Aubogue 25 persons died from the disease within a few days. The epidemic is decreasing at Salon.

Notes.

Strong shocks of earthquake were felt at Kingston, Jamaica, Wednesday.

The Porte has refused Ismael Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, permission to visit Constantinople.

It is reported that members of the Massario expedition to Central Africa have been massacred.

The Russian government has made a grant of £10,000 for a new house at Askabad for Gen. Komaroff.

Floods have destroyed the crops in Bengal. The Calcutta district is submerged. Several landslides have occurred, causing much damage to crops.

Twenty cases of natural history collections made by Dr. Nachtigal in Africa have arrived in Berlin. They will be placed in the Ethnological museum.

Advices from Tamative say that the Italian consul having failed in his mediation between the Hovas and the French, the French are resuming hostilities, and have bombarded Marranjura.

Thorald Rogers, while searching for material for his History of Prices, found in the library of King's college, Cambridge, a set of accounts extending 120 years from the year 1583, giving, besides prices, some curious details of social life.

Admiral Antequera Y'Bobadilla has issued a circular to officers in the Spanish navy, instructing them to tell their men that the government has asked for an official report from Manila, which, he says, will doubtless dispel the cloud over the conduct of their brother officers at Yap.

YELLOW FEVER.

There have been seventeen deaths from yellow fever at Guymas, Mexico. The number of new cases are rapidly increasing.

GIGANTIC SWINDLE.

The Systematic Plans Adopted by the Indiana School Supply Ring.

The Attica, Ind., *Ledger* says: By diligent inquiry the *Ledger* has secured the inside workings of the school swindle that recently brought Arista Glover to sorrow, and which is now being worked in almost every county in the State. The first step is to secure a man who is well-acquainted in the county to act as local agent, or rather as steerer of the man who distributes the swag. This local agent is supposed to know every weak point in a trustee, and while he does no soliciting his information is very valuable and well paid for. The money disburser then tackles the weakest trustee, and, with the tempting offer that 25 per cent. will be deducted from the list prices and given to him in cash, soon has him in his meshes. Taking $12,000 as the basis of the transaction, the trustee would be paid $3,000 and he would give township warrants to the agent for $12,000. The agent goes to the supply house in Chicago and signs over these warrants (which have been taken in his own name) to the house. The house deducts $1,000 for the furniture to be supplied, which leaves $11,000; then the $3,000 paid the trustee is deducted, leaving $8,000; then 25 per cent is taken for the house's interest in the swindle, leaving $5,000; this the bribery agent pockets as his share. Don't you see what a fine scheme it is all around? The trustee gets $3,000, the agent gets $5,000, and the supply-house gets $12,000 worth of warrants worth their face value for about 65 cents on the dollar, besides the profit made on the furniture. The warrants are made payable in eighteen, twenty-four and thirty months, and by judicious management a new trustee, or one who has only served one term and is pretty sure of another, can carry the amount and almost pay it out. He might be considered an expensive official, but he could pull through in nine out of ten counties.

The systematic way in which the swindle is carried on is shown by the fact that in the supply house is kept a complete record of the taxables of every county in Indiana, with the financial standing of every trustee. The former is for the purpose of keeping within the two per cent. provided by law, and the latter as an assistance in soliciting trustees, those in debt being preferred. Of course the supply house is not interested in the swindle—they merely buy the orders, a purely business transaction. At least that is what they will tell you, and bluntly inquire, when enarged with obtaining the warrants through illegal means, What are you going to do about it? Because of the secret manner in which it is worked, and because of the large bribes that can be paid, this is the most gigantic and dangerous swindle that was ever perpetrated. In every county in Indiana the schemers are at work to day, and that the people should pay so little attention to it is a matter of great surprise.

The Indiana Bonds—A Bank Goes Under.

A Vernon special reports that C. E. Cook, proprietor of the Jennings county bank, at North Vernon, has made an assignment. The bank had been dealing heavily in the township bonds of Daviess and other counties, concerning the alleged illegal character of which there has recently been so much talk. The bank, it is said, holds $29,000 worth of these securities, and it is asserted that Cook has sold large quantities of those bonds to Eastern capitalists, who propose to bring suit against him. The deposits of the bank amount to about $85,000, including $6,000 of county money. It will be several days before the condition of the bank can be known.

The bank of Harrison, O., Cook & Scoville, proprietors, has made an assignment. Liabilities, $24,000; assets about the same. Among the assets are $5,500 of noted Indiana township warrants, which may be worthless.

The Western Union.

Dr. Norvin Green, president of the Western Union telegraph company, has presented his report for the current quarter to the executive committee. The statement shows the net revenues of the quarter ending September 30, based upon nearly complete returns for July, partial returns for August, and estimating the business for September, will be about $1,450,000; add surplus July 1, $4,324,004, total, $5,774,004; for which appropriating for interest on bonded debt, $2,097,758 and sinking funds, $2,160, leaves a balance of $3,620,336. It requires this for a dividend of 1½ per cent. on the capital stock, $1,199,942, deducting which leaves a surplus of $4,430,393. In view of preceding statements, the committee recommend that a dividend of 1½ per cent. on the capital stock of the company be declared payable on and after October 15 next, to stockholders of record at the close of the transfer books, September 19, and that for the purpose of the annual meeting of the stockholders, to be held on October 14, and of the dividend declared, the stock book of the company be closed at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of September 19, and be reopened on the morning of October 15.

Kelley in New York.

The Hon. A. M. Keiley appeared before a meeting of the Irish Catholic Benevolent union, and was received with great enthusiasm. He made a short address. He said however convinced a man might be of good will and fond affection of a body of men, he must be very different fibre from himself if he could hear without deep feeling the acclamations which greeted him. But the petty spites at home and bitter malignity with which he had been hailed abroad during the past four months certainly vanished before the warm welcome given him. Mr. Keiley said he had suffered for cause and principles dear to their hearts. Papers of the continents had persecuted him. He supposed the cause of his rejection was that his republican principles were too high to be acceptable to foreign nations.

Resolutions protesting against the insult to American principles offered by foreign powers in the rejection of Keiley were placed before the union, but after discussion returned to the committee for more careful consideration.

No Civil Service for Tammany.

The Tammany Hall general committee held an exciting meeting Friday night. More than 1,000 members were present. W. Burke Cockran offered a series of resolutions denouncing civil service examinations as illegal, undemocratic and unjust, and demanding that Republicans be expelled from all federal offices and Democrats installed therein. Mr. Cockran spoke in support of the resolutions. He said the civil service law was against the constitution of the country, was radically wrong in theory and destined to become absurd in practice. He said that the President himself should pass a civil service examination. This remark was loudly applauded. He added that no office should be above the reach of the son of the humblest citizen.

Other speeches were made in support of the resolutions, and great enthusiasm prevailed. Gen. Roger A. Pryor said that he believed to the victor belong the spoils, and he wanted Republicans turned out. The resolutions were unanimously indorsed.

Old Soldiers.

Saturday was the 71st anniversary of the battle of North Point, where Gen. Ross, at the head of the British army, was killed and his forces repulsed. The American survivors of that battle have annually for many years attended a banquet in commemoration of it. Their number has been gradually reduced until but one man sat down to an elaborate course dinner at Renneri's, Baltimore. The last man of the Old Defenders' society who is able to leave his home is James Morford, aged 90 years. Five of the veterans are still alive. Morford is one of seven who participated one year ago.

The remnant of the city guard military organization of Baltimore before the late war celebrated the day by a dinner at Govanstown armory. The survivors are those who wore the blue and the grey in that conflict, but long since they reunited, and only the reminiscences anterior to 1861 are spoken of in their annual reunions.

Beecher on the Liquor Question.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher sends the following from Peekskill, N. Y.: "I am decidedly in favor of the insertion of a high license plank in the platform of the Republican state convention, because absolute prohibition is an absolute impossibility. High license is feasible and equitable. The moral sense of the community will sustain the demand. The result will be a greater protection of society from the evil of liquor selling than by any other method that can be forced."

The Rock Springs War.

Seven hundred Cumamen have returned to Rock Springs, Wy., under escort of four companies of troops. The miners threaten to destroy the company's buildings, all of which are under strong guard. Serious trouble is feared, as soon as the miners think they have an opportunity to carry out their threats.

Dissatisfied Democrats.

The New York *World* prints replies from Democratic congressmen and editors throughout the state, showing that while the Democratic leaders indorse the President's policy, the rank and file are many of them greatly dissatisfied with the President's course on the subject of offices.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

The Aetna and Standard Mills at Aetnaville, O., lit their fires Thursday.

Ex-Sen. Chaffee expresses the opinion that the Grant trust fund is entirely safe.

The brickmakers of Little Rock, Ark., have struck for an advance of $1.50 per day.

The statue of Commodore Perry was unveiled at Newport, R. I., Thursday, with imposing ceremonies.

The Mattoon, Ill., coal company has voluntarily increased the wages of its miners from 60 to 70 cents per ton.

The total imports of dry goods at New York during the past week were $2,502,827, and the amount thrown on the market $2,607,597.

Hon. John A. Bingham, ex-minister to Japan, arrived at his old home in Cadiz, O., Thursday, after an absence of thirteen years.

A monument in honor of Gen. Grant and the Iowa soldiers in the late war is to be erected in the state capitol grounds at Des Moines.

The recent abduction from Winnipeg of Lawrence Brainerd, the absconding St. Albans banker, threatens to cause international complications.

Sebastian Baughner died at Sunbury, Pa., aged 90 years. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and was at Lundy's Lane and the capture of Fort Erie.

At the annual picnic of Chicago workingmen resolutions were adopted to the effect that the ballot was a better way to obtain labor's rights in this country than the bullet.

Capt. John S. Wise, Republican candidate for governor of Virginia, denies a report circulated by Fitzhugh Lee that he took his father's horse in the last Confederate retreat.

The secretary of the Grant monument fund has sent a brass memorial tablet of the general to the mayor of Galena, Ill., which will be placed in the city hall or some other public building there.

The business failures during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dun & Co., number for the United States 184, and for Canada 19, as compared with a total of 165 last week, and 189 the week previous.

The number of hogs packed in the West the past week is 80,000, compared with the same number for the corresponding date last year. From March 1 to date the total number is 3,615,000, against 3,115,000 a year ago.

At the National convention of miners, at Indianapolis, resolutions were adopted favoring the total abolition of convict contracts, the adoption of semi-weekly payments and the abolition of the truck system.

Christian Cooper, of the town of Livingston, Columbia county, N. Y., died Wednesday, aged 111 years, 10 months and 15 days. Mr. Cooper was active, and retained his mental faculties until a few days before his death.

Walter H. Lennox-Maxwell, the presumed murderer of Preller, was taken into the court of criminal correction, Friday, and his case continued to October 19, before which time the grand jury will have an opportunity to take the matter up.

A band of Apaches, ten bucks and ten squaws, passed near Lamberally N. M., going north, and stole sixteen horses from a ranchman named Pollock, whom they killed. It is thought the Indians are trying to go back to the San Carlos reservation.

It has been discovered that the treasury department employes 64 persons at an expense of $25,000 to the government, to count $25,000 worth of beer stamp paper. The same work is done by two girls employed by the manufacturers.

The shortage in the school fund of West Virginia is $80,000, in consequence of which a number of schools have shortened their terms, while in some counties a special tax has been levied to meet the deficiency. The Democratic attempt to explain the cause for this state of affairs is very unsatisfactory.

The sale of the Bankers' and Merchants' wires, claimed by the American Rapid, extending from Steubenville to the state line in Preble county, from Freeport, O., to the state line of Indiana, and from Eaton to Cincinnati, was held Friday. The wires were bought by Edward S. Stokes, of New York, for $65,350. The appraised value was $93,000.

Gen. N. A. Miles has returned to Leavenworth from an extended trip through Indian territory. He states that the cattle of the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Cattle company, and others will all be out of the territory within a month from this date. The general has stationed an officer at each post to protect cattlemen, whom he says has had a great deal of trouble.

John R. Shelton, of Atlanta, Ga., eloped with Ida Maxwell, the 16-year old daughter of John Maxwell, of that city. The couple were married and were found by the father and brother of the bride, who attempted to take her home. Young Maxwell was fatally wounded by a blow from a hatchet in Shelton's hands, and shots were exchanged between the other men, both being mortally injured.

The committee appointed by the late plenary council to arrange for the establishment of the Catholic university which has been endowed by Miss Caldwell, of Baltimore, has issued a circular appeal to the Catholics of the United States to provide means to endow the eight professorships with which the university will enter upon its work, and found the courses, which are a prominent feature of the scheme.

New York Prohibitionists.

The committee on resolutions submitted a long series of resolutions affirming that the license system, either low or high, as applied to the traffic in intoxicating liquors, is utterly wrong and vicious in principle and a crime against God and man. Experience with local prohibition has shown that state prohibition is the greatest and most effective form of local prohibition, and it also has been demonstrated that a prohibitory enactment, to be affective, must be national and directed against the manufacture and importation, as well as the sale of liquors. Both of the old parties have publicly and notoriously failed to commit themselves to prohibition, and having coveted the favor of the liquor interests, men of all parties who seek prohibition must seek it elsewhere.

H. Clay Bascom, of Troy, was nominated for governor by acclamation.

Gay Times in Cincinnati.

The order of Cincinatus, an association whose object is to produce annually a public pageant resembling somewhat the mardigras ceremonies in southern cities, has arranged for a public reception of Cincinnatus, with fireworks, on the river front for to-morrow night, a night pageant for Wednesday of 25 cars, illustrating the poem "Laila Rookh," and a ball on Thursday night at Music hall. An effort has been made to have the entire affair a repetition as possible.

Jersey Cattle.

A sale of 27 head registered Jersey cattle took place at Madison Square Garden, New York. Nearly 200 herders and dealers in fancy stock attended the sale. A bull calf, son of "Black Prince," sold for $3,000; "Fill Pail Second," a 4-year-old cow, brought $1,000; the bull "Black Prince," of Linden went at $1,750; the cow "Westphalia" sold for $1,100, and the famous cow "Oxford Kate" sold at $3,350.

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The Yankee Boat and Yankee Crew Too Much for the Bold Britons.

In the 38-mile race over the New York Yacht club course Monday, the Puritan defeated the Genesta 16 minutes and 19 seconds corrected time, or 16 minutes 47 seconds actual time. The wind was extremely light from the start to Sandy Hook going out, and from there to the finish coming in. From the Hook to the lightship and back there was a good eight-knot breeze. The largest fleet of steamers ever assembled in New York harbor for a similar sight accompanied the yachts over the entire course. The scene at the finish was one of the grandest ever witnessed. Both yachts were saluted by every vessel, and a gun from Fort Wadsworth, on Staten Island.

The Puritan crossed the finish line at 4:38:05, amid the wildest enthusiasm, the steamers that fairly blocked the channel for a mile to the southward closing up round her and making a veritable pandemonium with their steam whistles for fully five minutes.

Owing to the cracking of the iron cap of the Genesta's mainmast, the outside race is postponed till Wednesday.

LONDON PAPERS ON THE RACE.

The *Morning Post* says: "We can make no complaint against the Americans sailing against us in the fastest boat they could build. At the same time most of the English yachtmen, even at the risk of losing the international cup, will prefer to adhere to our old method of yacht building. Over the ocean, of course, with a stiff breeze and a heavy sea, the Genesta may yet vindicate the merits of the English system. However that may be, nothing but mutual good will can come from a contest which has been conducted on both sides in a spirit so sportsmanlike."

The *Sporting Life* says: "It is not altogether satisfactory to be beaten even by the most friendly rival on Briton's favorite element, the sea. Whether we win or lose the race, this we may confidently say, that Richard Sutton by his manly and sportsmanlike conduct, cannot fail in winning the friendly sympathy and esteem of his American rivals."

At Jaysville, O., on Saturday night, George Vines, aged 50, who had a grudge against Amazian Joy, son of a wealthy farmer, met Joy, and after a brief quarrel stabbed and killed him. Vines escaped arrest.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16, 1885.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, increase	$1,850,700
Specie, decrease	2,318,900
Legal tenders, decrease	124,900
Deposits, decrease	1,379,400
Circulation, increase	48,600
Reserve, decrease	2,068,850

The banks now hold $49,800,898 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is easy at 1 @ 2 cent. Bar silver, 102⅝. The stock market was dull after 10 o'clock, became weak, declining generally from ¼@⅝ @ cent, but Jersey Central declined 1¾ @ cent. Later there was a rally, which carried prices nearly to the 11 o'clock figures. The market then became steady at the rise and at noon was quiet and firm.

Government bonds—4s, 103⅝; 4½s, 113½; 6s, 123½; Pacific 6s of '95, 128.

The following will show the change in government bonds during the past week:

	Sept. 16.	Sept. 9.
4s registered	123¾	103
4½s coupons